

# The New-York

## Correspondence

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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\$5.00 A YEAR.  
10 CTS. A NUMBER.

### STEINWAY & SONS' GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, gold and silver medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square pianos.

There were 200 pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway's instruments by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker. The greatest triumph of American pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. Steinway are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus insuring a new phase in the history of American pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1860.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS: The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons have been established for themselves as world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the Steinway Pianofortes are:

1. Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a pure, brilliant, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

2. This property is based entirely on the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the marvellous precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unexcelled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Pianofortes all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, and we can only and exclusively recommend them to our friends and to the public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the value of various makers, but truly and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianofortes superior to them all.

S. B. MILES,	W. H. MASON,	A. H. FRANK,
ROBERT GOLDEN,	ROBERT HILLER,	THOS. HOPKINS,
HENRY C. TURN,	W. H. HARRIS,	C. B. BROWN,
Geo. W. MORRIS,	E. MURDO,	MAX MANNING,
THOS. THOMAS,	CARL ANTONIUS,	CARL WOLFFSON,
F. L. RITTER,	F. BRANDEN,	B. WOLFFSON,
THOS. MORRIS,	CHAR. WELLS,	F. VON DESHAYES,

NEW YORK, January, 1861.  
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—In my extensive travels, both in Europe and in this country, I have heard and used pianos of all celebrated manufacturers, but I have never found any that have given me such entire satisfaction as your instruments, especially as regards their admirable qualities for accompanying the voice, and I therefore recommend them to the American public.  
GUSTAV SAETHER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1, 1861.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—I have often expressed my opinion about the pianos of various makers, but without hesitation pronounce your pianos, both Grand and Square, far superior to them all.  
GUSTAV SAETHER.

Letter from the celebrated ALFRED JARRELL, Court Pianist to the King of Hanover.

LONDON, June 2, 1862.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—I take much pleasure to express my entire satisfaction about your splendid Grand Concert Pianofortes, which I have played with the greatest delight at the International Exhibition; your Grand Concert Pianofortes are remarkable for their grandness and fulness, as well as for the purity of tone. Your Square Pianofortes are also quite unequalled.  
ALFRED JARRELL.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—Having used your pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in these instruments which no other pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious richness and richness of tone, combined with an unexcelled quality for accompanying the voice, and keeping in time so long a time, as your pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MANNING,	CARL ANTONIUS,	CARL WOLFFSON,
B. MANNING,	ELINA D'AMORE,	THOS. HOPKINS,
FRANZ HARRIS,	F. BRANDEN,	CHAR. WELLS,
W. MORRIS,	E. MURDO,	MAX MANNING,
JOHN WILLIAMS,	F. MANNING,	JOHN WILLIAMS,
D. B. LORAN,	GUSTAV TARNOW,	BERTHA JOHANNES,
ALBERTA C. BROWN,	LEONOR LORAN,	MAIRA FERNANDES,
Mrs. J. VAN NORD,	H. BROWN,	FRANZ GARDNER,

Letter from the Russian Musicians and Celebrated Composer of "When the Bells Ring" FRANK LEE.

BERLIN (Germany), September 18, 1866.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianofortes, which had been brought here by Mr. Steinway, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could equal yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the hand, and richness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and which such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe. The clarity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the resounding of tone, that in spite of the dense transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am confident that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makers, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

FRANK LEE.  
WABROOK, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

### (For the Saturday Press.) WAITING.

I waited by the sounding shore,  
And marked the slowly ebbing tide,  
And saw the West all dipped and dyed  
In the red flush the sunset wore:—

I waited till, beyond the sea,  
The moon-shine flung its pallid flame  
Between my coming Love and me:—  
I waited;—but she never came!

I waited long in princely halls,  
World-rolling in the smoky field  
I waited, leaning on my shield,  
And hark'ning to the bugle call:—

I waited till I saw men die,  
And belching cannon, all aflame,  
Between my coming Fame and me:—  
I waited;—but it never came!

I waited in the loud-throated street,  
Where roared the ever-changing gales  
That raised and sank the golden scales,  
Amid the din of hurrying feet:—

I waited till the balance, free,  
Hung trembling in the fatal game  
Between my coming Wealth and me:—  
I waited;—but it never came!

I waited by the fevered bed  
That racks the restless limbs of pain,  
And makes the soul to yearn again  
For Night, when wakeful Night is dead:—

I waited, till there seemed to be  
Naught save a waning, sickening flame  
Between my coming Death and me:—  
I waited;—but it never came!

Aye, these have 'scaped me: even Death  
Still to my waiting soul delays,  
And waiting is but waste of days,  
As waiting is but waste of breath!

Henceforth I wander, spirit-free,  
Through realms where Gay Caprice holds state.  
Love, Fame, and Wealth may come to me,  
And welcome; Death hath leave to wait!

C. D. GARDNER.

### LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR:

The musical event of the last fortnight has been the reëntree of Adelina Patti, who has just come from Florence and Turin. Of her first appearance in "Linda," I do not speak, not having been present.

Her second appearance was in "Don Pasquale," which, according to the views of the press, is the opera in which she is the most successful both in singing and acting. Though the price of seats had been increased, I found the greatest difficulty in obtaining admittance. The audience that crowded the house was glittering with diamonds, laces and white shoulders. Nobody is allowed access to the premises except in full dress. This first tier of boxes, filled with young unmarried and marketable ladies, was beautiful. The only objection to these ladies is that they have got a rather exaggerated fancy for going *découvertes*. It is all very well for the public, who look on delighted with the view of the beautiful forms presented to them; but what do you think of the poor husband or the lover standing behind the loved object, and to whom there is no novelty left to be known? Is it due to this that I have so often observed at the theatre that the more richly dressed, the more beautiful, and the bolder and gayer a young lady appears, the more afflicted and the sadder is her lover?

Both the audience and the performance were highly interesting on the night to which I refer. The diva appeared and the audience broke forth into the most rapturous applause. The Italian Opera being the only theatre in Paris where hired applauders (*claqueurs*) are not found, the spectators themselves are compelled to applaud—a duty which on this occasion, they heartily discharged. Delle Sedie, the Parisians' favorite baritone, played *Don Pasquale*, and Scarpia *Don Pasquale*; each of them vied with the other in *cavatina*, and shared the unbounded applause. The tenor, it is true to say, failed to give the famous *scena*.

"Come a gentile.  
La notte di mezzo aprile, etc., etc."

as well as one could wish. The house, however, had become so much excited that nobody could refrain from applause. It is useless to talk of the prima donna. She was wonderful, especially in the well known scene where poor Pasquale finds out with the utmost stupefaction that the angel he married is a demon (which, by the way, has happened to be the case with several people since the time of Mother Eve). The finale was heartily encored; and the saucy girl gave it again in such a manner that she came very near being obliged to repeat it a third time—after which the diva was literally weighed down with flowers, all the ladies throwing to her their own costly bouquets.

An old gentleman who was seated next to me turned quite wild, and I really thought that he would fling his hat on the stage. Finally he only cast his gloves, which, I presume, he went to look for the next day.

But every triumph has its drawback. Formerly, in Rome, after the brilliant retinue which followed the victor, a hired slave was in attendance to abuse and throw stones at the hero. Our young prima donna has had to experience something of the kind, as the journal *La France* (a personification of the above-mentioned slave) criticised her in the severest and most acrimonious way. Among other stories, this paper relates that Adelina being, a few days ago, at Rossini's house, and singing some pieces from the "Barbieri" the maestro indulged in certain criticisms not complimentary to her, owing to unwarrantable liberties which she had taken with his *capriccio*. As she was smiling in a graceful though saucy manner, Rossini is reported by *La France* to have said: "Well, my dear child, go on and make money as fast as you can; if however, you should take into your head some day to become a singer, come and see me—I will give you a few lessons."

This may be true or not; but what is certain is that Patti is making an immense amount of "the ready." She is paid 5,000 francs (nearly \$1,000 in gold) a night at the Italian opera; so that Mr. Bagier, the director, has been obliged to raise the price of seats from fourteen to eighteen francs. Prior to this a full house was worth to him 12,000 francs (say \$3,000) which is said to be sometimes his expenses for a single night. At Covent Garden, where one seat is worth a pound, the director can make 35,000 francs a night. Yet Malibran never received more in London than 75 pounds for a single representation; and with the permission of Patti, I do not think that she will ever be able to revive for us Malibran's *Desdemona*.

The Italian Opera has given, during the week, "Leonora," an opera of Mercadante, which was played for the first time in Paris. It was rather coldly received. Mercadante, whose music is so popular through all Italy, and especially in Naples, never met with very warm admirers in France.

The Theatre Lyrique is to represent next week, uncut, "Freischütz," the celebrated opera of Weber. Until now it has never been played in Paris without being more or less mutilated.

The Gymnase has placed a new comedy on the stage, of which the title is "Hélène Parquet." The author is said to have expressed the wish that his name remain unknown. I should not wonder if he changed his mind, as the piece is a great success. I have been told that the young author is a debutant, and that M. Alexandre Dumas revised the whole piece. I hear, just now, that the author's name is M. Durandin, and that the subject of the play is drawn from a novel signed with his own name and entitled *La Légende de l'Homme Eternel*.

If there is any truth in this story, it simply shows that the novel had not been much read, since nobody could guess the secret. Alphonse Karr used to say that if he wanted an important secret to be well-kept, he would bag an academicien to insert it in one of his works. I think it would be still more prudent to bury it in the work of a young debutant.

Mme. Sagay, the famous tight-rope dancer, died some days ago. She was eighty years old. She had assumed the title of *Arlequin de l'Empereur*.

The pope, finding himself in the utter impossibility of burning anybody, confines himself to the work of burning books, which may be beneficial to paper-makers, but is in no way dangerous to authors.

The congregation of the Index lately condemned M. Jean Baynaud's book "*Ciel et Terre*," to the flames. With regard to the author, he died last year, and it is to be hoped that he has met with a more successful fate than his book.

M. Paul Féval is just publishing a new novel in the *Evening*, under the title of "The Embalmed Husband."

M. Robin, the celebrated French physiologist, has been elected a member of the Institute.

During the commotion which took place some weeks ago at the School of Medicine, M. Tardieu, the dean of the faculty, who was disliked by all the students, was obliged to send in his resignation. M. Wurtz, the distinguished chemist, has been named in his place by the government. It is generally said that M. Wurtz would do better to devote himself to his chemical studies, and abstain from holding an office which has made every incumbent of it unpopular during the last fifteen years; the dean of the faculty being now directly elected by Napoleon, instead of being directly chosen by the professors themselves.

Guizot's son, who is known by a very accurate translation of Macaulay's essays, has lately made his debut as a professor of history in the Collège de France. The subject matter of the lecture was "The Influence of Morals on Primary Education." The house was crowded with his friends. His father himself was present with a number of the celebrities of Louis Philippe's régime—Messrs. Duvoyier de Haumane, de Broglie, de Camille de Rémusat, etc., in other words, all the set of people called *députés*, the new generation of which was represented by M. Prévost-Paradol, the recently elected academicien. The young professor, however, met with a complete failure, in spite of the applause of the audience and of his father himself. He may become a teacher through an assiduous and persevering study, but will never be an orator.

Germer-Ballière in his *Revue de Cours Littéraires*, publishes in full the lecture of M. G. Guizot, and the first discourse delivered by Mr. Taine in the school of fine arts.

Mr. John Durand (son of your great landscape painter), who has translated into English Mr. Taine's work, entitled "The Philosophy of Art," a book which you have probably received in New York prior to this letter, is now translating the interesting "Letters from Italy," by the same author. These letters have been published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and have attracted considerable attention.

A pamphlet against the government, signed with the name of Mr. Rogeard, the author of the famous *Propos de Labrousse*, was clandestinely circulated in Paris last week. Mr. Rogeard, who is now living in Heidelberg, after having been expelled from Belgium, sent a note to the papers denying the paternity of the work.

Mr. Got, the celebrated comic actor of the Théâtre Français, has entered an action against the committee of the theatre, in order to recover his liberty of playing comedy where he may please. It is said that splendid offers have been made to him from Russia. If he leaves, he never will be replaced, so I hope he will be condemned to stay.

Some students in law and in medicine were arrested the other day for singing the *Marseillaise* and crying out *Vive la République!* The police, following certain indications, found among the papers of one of these young men, went down to the Quartier Latin, and took five more students in custody.

As I close my letter, I understand that Patti has made a new bargain with M. Bagier. She will receive 3,000 francs for a single representation and the director guarantees thirty-six representations at this price. Rossini paid a visit to her yesterday at her residence, the Villa Mario, in the Bois de Boulogne. It is said that the object of this visit was to neutralize the effect of the above anecdote; and that Patti herself requested the maestro to repair in this way the result of his indiscretion.

Next is to be in Paris on the first of next month, in order to superintend the performance of his *Concertation* Mass, which will take place at the Church of St. Eustache.

PARIS, Feb. 7, 1866.



February 12th, 1866.

Last week I attended a magnificent soirée given by Mr. Elie Dubois, resident minister of the Republic of Hayti, on the occasion of the pacification of the Cape. All the Haytian notabilities residing in Paris were present at this festival, where Mr. Bigelow, your minister, and the Pope's nuncio himself were to be seen, with many other members of the various legations. You are doubtless aware that the French (if you except those who have been living in the colonies), are entirely free from any prejudice against color: hence the society was composed of the leading men of the town.

The Minister of Hayti lives in the Champs-Élysées, in a splendid mansion, which, under the first Napoleon, was the residence of the famous Duke d'Angoulême. The house was lavishly decorated with flowers, tastefully arranged, in the midst of which were seen groups of young women of every color and every shade of color from ebony to ivory.

The soirée began with a concert. Miss Emilia Verna, belonging to one of the best families at Port-au-Prince, performed on the piano a magnificent fantasia from Robert le Diable, which was received with great applause. But the heroine of the night was Mrs. Desbrosses, a lady of color, who sang the grand air of the manonille-tree from the "Africaine." After the concert the Pope's nuncio escaped from the salons in order to avoid the impious sight of young people dancing. Then the ball commenced, and lasted with the proverbial "furia francese" until dawn.

The next month in Paris is to be wholly devoted to classic music. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is to be put on three stages at the same time, at the Italiens, the Opera, and the Théâtre Lyrique. This rather savours of fanaticism. I would prefer to have but one "Don Giovanni," and that a good one. The troupe of either the Italiens or the Opera is, no doubt, in a good condition, and can give us an excellent performance. I have often seen Delle Sedie in this part, and he is one of the best Don Giovanni that we had in Paris for a long while. But I fear that the performance of Mozart's Opera at the Théâtre Lyrique will be weak. They say, however, that Mr. Carvalho will present, at least, some beautiful scenery. Of that I have no doubt; but when I remember how much he disfigured Don Pasquale, Rigoletto and so many others under the pretext of a French representation, I withhold my opinion.

After "Giovanni" we are to have Gluck's "Armide" at the opera. This is likely to be a great success, the French having always highly appreciated Gluck. Four years ago his "Alceste" was given at the Italiens, and created a sensation during the whole winter. Mme. Viardot, Malibran's sister, and Miobot, who was so successful last winter in Mozart's "Magic Flute," were the principal performers.

The "Opera Comique" is to give this week a new opera entitled "Fior d'Alisa." The libretto is taken from the novel of Lamartine, of the same name, and written by Michel Carré and Hippolyte Lucas. The music is by Victor Masse.

At about the same time, the Bouffes will give the new opera of Offenbach, called "Barbebleu," (Blue Beard).

Brignoli arrived here some days since, and sang "Il Barbiere" with Patti. The tenor had been absent more than a year, and the "habitués" of the Italiens were anxious to hear again the man whom they had called the worthy successor of Mario. It is needless to say that the reception was enthusiastic and the triumph complete. As for Patti, the glory of Almaviva overshadowed her a little; and yet it is to be said that she sang Rosina's part better than ever, as she is beginning to understand that an opera ought to be sung as it is written, and that the flourishes of style with which she is accustomed to make everything she sings, is successful only in disfiguring the ideas of the composer.

It is said that an American impresario has offered her fifty thousand dollars (gold or greenback, I do not know), for fifty representations in New York, in the fall of 1867. I would advise her to conclude the bargain.

Mr. Boucicault is now in Paris for the purpose of superintending the representations of "Arrah-na-Pogue," which has been so successful in your country.

An American prima donna, Miss Agatha States, who has already sung in Italy, and especially at the "Pergola" where she acquired some reputation, is now here. She is expected to sing within a fortnight, as by that time it is supposed she will recover from a slight illness. In what opera she is to make her first appearance, I have not ascertained.

I hear that Mr. Jarrett, an American manager, has bought the scenery of the famous play "La Biche au Bois," which run over three hundred nights, and is to use it on the stage of your Academy. I also understand that he has engaged a corps de ballet consisting of thirty five persons.

A new edition of Mr. Michelet's book entitled, "Le Peuple," was issued some weeks ago, and is said to be selling very fast.

The celebrated German materialist, Dr. Louis Büchner, whose book on "Force et Matière," was last year the cause both in France and England of so many philosophical discussions in the scientific press, has just now a new work translated into French, of which the title is "Science et Nature." It is published by Germer-Baillière of this city.

Mr. Thiers is now preparing a new work, of which the title is: "Histoire de l'Esprit Français."

I am told that the comedy of Mr. Emile Angier,

which has been accepted by the committee of the Théâtre Français, will not be played before next winter. The cause of this delay is the success of Mr. Ponsard's comedy "Le Lion Amoureux." On the other hand Mr. Emile Angier is not willing to let his comedy be represented during the spring and the summer, when all the strangers and the fashionable world have left the capital. As the next winter is likely to be exceedingly brilliant on account of the great Exhibition, I fail to perceive any reason why Mr. Angier should be pitted.

Mr. Ponsard du Terrail, the man in the world who has written the greatest quantity of novels, is now publishing a new one called: "La Trompette de la Bérésina."

The new book of Mr. Renan, the "Life of St. Paul," will very likely appear next fortnight. It is expected to create as much of a sensation as his "Life of Jesus."

Proudhon's posthumous work, "Les Évangiles Annotés" has been condemned (like most of his others), to be suppressed. The editors and the printer have each of them been sentenced to one year confinement and 1,500 francs fine. All the copies seized by the police are to be destroyed. You see that Napoleon, like his friend the Pope, is given to book-burning.

An immense school of sharks have made their first appearance in the Channel. The frequenters of the bathing places are in a complete consternation, and all the hotel-keepers are thrown into confusion. The JOURNAL DU HAVRE publishes, on the subject, an elaborate article, the object of which is to prove that sharks evidently prefer negroes to white people, and that if they happen to taste white flesh occasionally, it is not altogether to their liking. I do not know if this assurance will be sufficient to remove the fears of the public next summer, but I hold that sharks are getting to be very fastidious: the tender and tempting flesh of a young bather seems to me something not to be looked upon with disdain, on the ground that it happens to be rosy and white instead of black or yellow. Let us have, at least, equality of races before sharks. Eoo.

#### FROM DEBORAH DUNN'S PRIVATE LETTERS TO THE BOUDOIR.

EDWIN BOOTH'S "RICHELIEU."

.....I am afraid you will repent having asked me to write some of our conversations in the little back sitting room. They are prosy and commonplace affairs, for there we speak out our thoughts and feelings without much reserve; and I cannot say, with a strict regard to truth, that our family, taken as a whole, is worthy of a Boswell. In the parlor, now, we are sometimes quite brilliant, but alas! it is only when we shine in borrowed ideas. There is no law against stealing other people's thoughts; and, as we, all of us, except that poor, blundering Mary, possess a good deal of that useful commodity called "tact," there is no great danger of our being found to be only jackdaws after all.

In the parlor we have all said the "proper thing" in regard to Mr. Booth's "Richelieu," which you must know is the most intellectual treat we Gothamites are at present enjoying. But the way it was discussed last night in our sitting room would have made a critic's hair stand upright.

....."For my part, Deborah," said Susie, "I don't know what you see in Mr. Booth's 'Richelieu' to admire so much. If you want to look at a shabby old man, and hear him wheeze and cough, Mr. Winter, round the corner, will be glad to see you at any time, and he won't charge you a dollar, and he won't shut you up in a close room full of bad air; and Mr. Booth coughs and wheezes so exactly like him that if he had been dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit I should have thought it was old Winter himself."

"And you girls call that a fine play," said Bob, contemptuously, "and you wouldn't go to see 'Sam'! I don't believe your Mr. Booth could play 'Sam' to save his life."

"Can you put a lion into the skin of a mouse?" said Jemima, suddenly, and with such energy thrusting the darning gourd into the heel of her stocking, that the too frail fabric gave way, and the darning gourd popped out of the hole, and describing a parabola in the air, dropped at Bob's feet, who immediately threw it at Helen's head.

"There! you naughty boy," cried Helen, "you've made me drop a stitch; and I was going to say something besides, and now you have knocked it all out of my head."

"What a loss!" said Bob. "Pray look in the gourd for it."

"Jemima's remark, short as it was, was a great event in the family, and we all felt it to be so. This was the first occasion for two years that she had expressed an interest in anything. I thought if Mr. Booth had stirred Jemima's soul out of its torpor, no further comment or criticism was necessary."

"I think," said Pa, taking his pipe out of his mouth; "I think"—and he slowly put it back again, gazing the while into the far distance, as if he saw his thought there, and was patiently waiting for it to come to him.

"This is the remark I was going to make," said Helen, with sudden inspiration. "How well those ladies on the stage manage their trains! I cannot do it. It is indeed wonderful!"

"Trains, indeed!" said Mary; "and who but you would think of trains when France is tottering on ruin, and those men, the what-d'ye-call-'ems—con-

spirators—are having everything their own way, until that grand old man Booth—that is, he isn't an old man, he is a young one—and he ain't young, either, for he is old for that night, you know—and I can't help thinking he is young, though I know he is old—I mean he wants to be old, and one must forget he is young, but one can't—at least I can't, and so that makes it seem like acting, which I don't object to, as it is acting, and you can't make anything else out of it, when all is said and done. But it is very fine, to be sure; and I have looked all through the papers for criticisms, and I cannot find any, which is strange, as it is their business."

"And it is none of my business to interfere with France," said Helen, suddenly checking this torrent. "I have nothing to do with France, and a great deal to do with trains."

"I think," said Pa, again taking his pipe out of his mouth, "I think—that somehow—after seeing Mr. Booth's 'Hamlet' and 'Richelieu'—one comes away with a feeling—with a feeling—"

"Of pleasure to get out of that hot, stifling place, where there is always a crowd, and the house is badly ventilated," said Ma.

"No, my dear," said Pa, mildly. "I was not going to say exactly that; but that one comes away with a feeling—somehow—as if he had more in his head than he took into the theatre with him—that is all." And the pipe went into the mouth again, and the dear, old, gray head was soon enveloped in smoke.

"I like his 'Hamlet' very much," said Susie. "He looks so melancholy, and interesting; but his 'Richelieu' is a failure. I am a great deal more interested in 'De Mauprat.'"

"I would give anything if I could get some crimson velvet the shade of 'De Mauprat's' mantle," said Helen, reflectively. "And he wears it very gracefully."

"There are some good points about Booth," said Bob, with that disagreeable air of superiority which boys assume in talking to their sisters. "I saw him play 'Richard the Third' once, and he did it splendidly. I liked the way he bit the green baize on the floor when he died. 'Richard the Third' is a bully play!"

"Better than 'Sam'?" I inquired humbly.

"Well—I don't know—I would prefer 'Sam' for a constancy."

I thought this had gone on long enough, and that now it was high time for me to say my say, and, as I am the literary member of the family, my opinions on such subjects are oracles.

"It is not strange, Mary," said I, "that Mr. Booth's acting has not been criticised more. It is above ordinary criticism. The Bohemians and Jenkines no more can criticise Mr. Booth's acting than they can tell the color of the inhabitants of Jupiter, or anything else outside of their world. It is so highly artistic that all idea of art is lost; so purely intellectual that we seem to have left the grossness of our bodies outside the theatre walls; and yet so simple, so unaffected, so full of genuine passion that the most uncultivated feel it, and enjoy it. For, thank Heaven, we can thoroughly enjoy what we cannot analyze and criticise. That requires an entirely different condition of mind."

"His 'Hamlet' is superior to his 'Richelieu' only because his 'Hamlet' is Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' while his 'Richelieu' is only Bulwer's 'Richelieu.' An actor is an interpreter, not a creator; and he cannot do more with his subject than the subject will allow. His 'Hamlet' is perfection. How entirely he has divested the part of all stiffness—of all semblance of acting. We are not spending an evening with Mr. Booth at the Winter Garden; we are spending months at Elsinore with 'Hamlet'; and so intimate are we with him that we can follow all the workings of that tender and noble heart. How he charms us with his sweetness; how we shudder with him at those awful visitations; how we shrink with him at the dreadful vengeance he must pursue; what a pang we feel when Ophelia falls him; how closely and eagerly we follow him amid those half-abandoned purposes, and fears, and doubts, with which his soul is tossed; and when the curtain falls for the last time, and the big man behind you punches the crown of your bonnet in with his elbow, and the lady next you sticks the point of her fan in your eye, you wake out of your illusion with a start, and a sigh to find yourself in such a different world."

"Mr. Booth is doing so much—so very much—for his art. True to himself—so far having chosen for his subjects the highest, the purest, the best—never degrading himself to the merely sensational drama to please the popular taste, and drawing within the theatre a class to whom, hitherto, the very sight of the walls has been pollution. I saw last night a teacher—the principal of one of our best female schools—with a dozen or so of her eldest pupils. And she showed her good sense in taking them there instead of to Mr. Tiffin's lecture on the Pyramids, or to hear Mr. Hummingtop read Hiawatha. It is said, with what truth I know not, that the clergy have lately been pretty well represented at the Winter Garden. If so, it is a step taken in the right direction; and if Mr. Booth should play 'Macbeth' (as I hope he will), even should it be during this Lenten season, it would not be a bad idea for the ministers to adjourn their congregations to the Winter Garden on these nights, and if their parishioners are not made wiser, and better, more humble, more self-distrustful, more unworldly, then their cases are hopeless indeed, and beyond the reach of the Lenten lecture, which may with greater profit be used to light obsequy household fires."

Here I paused, and looked around me. Ma had disappeared—so had Mary, so had Helen. Susie

was reading a novel, and Bob and the cat were asleep in the corner. Jemima was staring at me, aghast, and Pa was studying the pattern of the carpet. The smoke had cleared away, for his pipe was out.

"Don't you think, Debby," said he, "that in that last sentence you put it rather strong? What would Dr. V—say?"

"I was not thinking of such lectures as Dr. V—gives us," said I, rather ashamed of my enthusiasm, now that I observed its effect upon my audience. I was thinking of those drowsy preachers who tell us that Matthew was a publican, and that Andrew was Simon Peter's brother, and that in heaven there is no night, and no moonshine, and various matters of the same kind, which we all know quite as well as they do.

#### MY INFIRMITY.

BY R. WOLOOTT.

Feb. 1866. ]

DEAR PRESS.

I am a great sufferer.

That is to say, I suffer greatly, though I am not at all great myself.

I am an undersized man, and if you were to press the question, I should have to confess that I am not a handsome man.

Neither am I a great man mentally.

Nature has not endowed me with any of the graces of body or of mind. I think she might have done so, considering that she makes my life so miserable.

But she didn't; and I look upon her as an abusive old step-mother, who lays heavy burdens upon my shoulders, in order that her more favored children may wear fine clothes and appear to better advantage.

Even if I had genius and all that sort of thing, it would do me no good.

It would be overwhelmed and its expression choked off by the pain I constantly suffer.

How could I write one of those tropical stories that are so much in vogue, full of balmy breezes, fervid suns, magnolia blooms, and flowers of hot-house culture, when I feel as if I were standing upon a mountain of frozen mercury?

What poetic ideas can there be in a mind that is perforce forever dwelling upon buffalo over-shoes and warm bricks?

Yes, that is what ails me—cold feet.

It is a chronic case.

Even the heat of summer hardly brings their temperature up to a comfortable point; and these bleak days of winter, with snow on the ground, and the thermometer at 0—

I shudder to think of it, though at this moment my feet are wrapped in two shawls and the hearth-rug.

I don't think you can have any conception, dear Press, unless you are afflicted like myself (which Heaven forbid!) of my miserable condition.

The doctors attribute it to sluggish circulation, feeble action of the ventricles, etc.; but it seems to me that an old limp and ragged ace of hearts would have muscular power enough to force what little blood I have to the uttermost parts of my anatomy.

There must be a dam somewhere.

I am afraid there are a good many on very cold days.

You cannot imagine the privations I endure.

At the first blast of Boreas I seek a warm nook by the fire-place, and there, as useless, and by no means as ornamental as a potted geranium, I remain until the warm breath of spring releases me.

I cannot go skating.

As I listen to the shouts and laughter of the merry men and maidens on the pond over there, as they glide swiftly and gracefully over the shining surface, drawing in ruddy health with every breath, I groan in spirit, thinking of my own miserable, moping existence, and draw closer to the fire. What glorious fun they have—although, I notice, some of them do not do their sliding altogether on their feet.

I have never been sleigh-riding.

Cutter and pung are meaningless words to me.

I can only sit here and listen to the "tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells," and wonder if there in reality is any fun in it—in the riding, I mean, not the tintinnabulation.

It seems to me that I would rather get frost-bitten in the regular way, and know something about it at the time, than to have it steal over me silly while I labor under the pleasing delusion that I am enjoying myself.

I never go to concerts or lectures—I dare not even go to church in cold weather.

As the good old dominie warms in his denunciation of sin and sinners, I feel my feet falling below the freezing point, and the two together bring about a state of uncharitableness and intolerance in my mind that is fearful to think of.

I don't wonder that the early Puritans awoke Quaker's noses, banished Baptists and hanged witches. They had no stoves in their churches.

Though I am not gifted with genius, still, but for my infirmity, I might have achieved distinction, and perhaps double stars, in the late war.

Men of very limited mental capacity did.

But alas! I could not have that opportunity of winning glory, the gratitude of the nation, and a very pretty bounty.

My first winterquarters would have been under the sod, uncomfortably narrow and dark.



Very likely I would be there yet.

And how I did "quake at draft's alarms," when the Provost Marshal began turning the pitiless wheel of fortune!

I laid my case before the examining surgeon candidly and without reserve.

He remarked that "that wouldn't go down."

I don't know what he meant; I only know that my name didn't go down on his list of the exempt.

That surgeon was "a brutal minion of despotism."

I certainly have reason to be glad that the war is over.

My wish now is that somebody would reconstruct me.

My infirmity is harder to bear because there is nothing poetic about it.

It does not allure the muse.

One cannot have the comfort of abusing it in rhyme.

Other afflictions have been sung, but cold feet never.

I have read somewhere a very violent piece of blank verse called "A Fever Dream."

Milton apostrophized his amaurosis, and Burns has immortalized the tooth-ache.

"Adown my beard the slavers trickle,  
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the gieglets keckle.  
To see me loon;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup."

A very natural wish, doubtless, but rather a barbarous one, and not at all fit to be expressed in English undefiled.

A man's last illness is sometimes very touchingly alluded to in his epitaph. But where, in all the obituary literature extant, will you find any mention of cold feet?

You see, Sir—

But excuse me. The wind has veered around to the N. N. W. to which a hot *pediluvium* is the only antidote.

So while Bridget is getting the water ready, I sign myself

Yours, in distress,

R. W.

## THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

There was something strange about that bottle of whiskey. I called to see a young lady one evening some three months ago—a thing I seldom do. I found her suffering that exquisite torture which can be inflicted by only one distemper in all the world—a cold in the head. Her eyes were red, her nose was scalded and so scathed and chapped that she blew scales from it with every blast. Her voice sounded as if she were talking through a tin horn. She said that she had entertained that cold for five days, and would have to entertain it five days longer—she had never got rid of one on easier terms. I said I could cure it in twelve hours. She was frantic with joy. She would have embraced me had we been near relatives. But sadly enough, such was not the case. I said, "Drink a level tumbler full of whiskey straight, and go to bed." Her joy departed. She sighed, and went on blowing her nose as before—her beautiful nose—her beautiful, sooty, scalded nose. I was inflexible. I said, "It must be so; it is a military necessity; drink a tumbler full of whiskey cold and without water; dispose yourself comfortably in bed; in two minutes that infamous, disagreeable tickling sensation in your nose—that wretched and eternal desire to sneeze—will have passed away, and you will be serene and happy—as calm and contented, and as indifferent to worldly things as the sinless angels be; in five minutes you will begin to heave grandly up and down like a stately ship on the long groundswell of the sea; this is the very sublimity of happiness; in seven minutes and a-half you will not know enough to come in when it rains; in ten minutes you will not care a—that is to say, you will not care a cent; in fifteen minutes you will be as tight as a brick—but who will ever know it? In another minute you will be sound asleep—and the thing is accomplished; you will never stir a peg nor turn over for twelve hours. Then you will get up as fresh as a lark, and the last vestige of your cold will have departed to the four winds of heaven. Try it!"

She was converted. I went out to get her a bottle of whiskey. I went to Smith's place. I said to myself, "I have drank barrels and barrels of this fellow's whisky in the reduction of my semi-annual colds, and can depend on its purity and excellence." I never saw that girl again until last week, and then she looked like Lazarus must have looked when he first sallied forth from the tomb. She had taken a glass of that whisky and gone to bed. When she woke up next day, her cold was gone but she was fearfully sick. During the next three months she passed out of one disease into another so fast that the doctors could hardly keep up with her galloping experiments, and she never got a chance to get out of bed during the whole time.

A lady called into see her one day, and while conversing pleasantly her eye fell on the treacherous bottle. She took a swig and went into fits. On another occasion, two ladies who came to "set up," felt themselves spell-bound by the mysterious bottle; they could not keep their eyes off it; it gleamed from a side-table with unholy fascination; it triumphed over them at last, and they took a drink. They laid right down on the floor and begun to gasp and sweat and groan; and thenceforward for six

weeks those two women were harried and bully-ragged by every disease known to the books. A minister of the gospel tell under the baneful influence of that bottle at last; he took a drink and went to his pulpit and launched out the direst discourse that ever was heard in California; he advocated Deism and Atheism and Spiritualism and Catholicism and every other ism he could think of, and then came down and tried to clean out his congregation; he was a rampant madman for weeks together. Three more women suffered from that bottle. Lately the family moved and the infernal bottle was taken along. It had been long supposed to be empty, but the servant who was set to arrange the furniture in the new house found a sup of the lees remaining and drank it. She is up in Stockton now. After that an old chiffonier came along and the family gladly conferred upon him the fatal bottle without recompense. While he was carrying it down stairs he took a smell at the cork and fell and broke his leg. I shall always think there was something mysterious about that bottle. I have "worked up" this narrative a little, but in the main I have given actual facts, merely embellishing them in a scarcely perceptible degree. The original victim—the young lady—has gone to the springs to recruit her health, what there is left of it, which isn't much.

## BESIDE A GRAVE.

BY EMMA MORTIMER HANSON.

Dead man, all the world's people  
To-night have no voice for me;  
I sit by your grave, touching the sod,  
Thinking, watching the sea.  
You never complained;  
Death in life was but just, you said;  
God!—  
Hush, heart! it is calm here;  
Sardonyx, and purple, and azure, and red,  
Jewel-dusted, the rocks glimmer under the sun;  
Rose-red ashes piled in the west  
Like dust of a heart that is burned;  
No voice breaks the stillness;  
What is done, then, is done!  
Kiss me!  
If I could but reach your breast!  
It is cold—but 'tis yours.  
Keepsakes, and letters you wrote, have the rest,—  
Mine the road to this place;  
Mine the brook gurgling west,  
The guiding birds, and the fields with their blossoming rest  
All mine, to be loved—for they lead to your rest.  
Is rest sweet to you, dear?  
How kindly your face down there in the dark!  
Years hence, the curious, searching for treasures,  
Never deeming this place by the blue sea a grave,  
May find what they think a rare, beautiful marble  
Hid in the sand, here, where rustles the wave.  
Years hence! Where will I be?  
What in life is there left for me  
But to breathe out confessions over your grave!

You were human, you said,  
Dreadfully smiling that night;  
So am I; and to-morrow I'll be on the side of the world,  
Holding creeds, making rules, just and good, for men's lives,  
Spurning those whom, half dead,  
Break them, yet dare hope for mercy.  
Ah, heaven! I am I ought but a pitiful sham!  
It is growing dark, Roger; what, shall I leave you  
Out here by the sea? My poor heart;  
And I'll back to the struggle of life,  
Upheld by my judgment, and all I respect,  
To denounce you in fame, to swear you untrue,  
Happy only in stealing back to this place,  
Loving you.  
Lying here with my cheek on these sods,  
Watching the glow die out of the west,  
And the moon's rim come up o'er the chilly blue sea.

Boston Commonwealth.

## APHORISMS.

BY JOHN BILLINGS.

Men of genius are like eagles, they live on what the kill, while men of talent are like crows, they live on what has been killed for them.

"Ignorance is bliss"—ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.

There is 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—and that is twins.

Most men learn experience from the future.

They don't bore for life in the southern kuntry, they bore for whiskey.

The burden of many of the songs that is writ, is the songs themselves.

All kind of bores are a nuisance, but it is better to be bored with a 2-inch order than with a gimlet.

Stickin' up your nose don't prove anything, for a soap boiler when he is away from home, smells everything.

The road to Ruin is always kept in good repair, and the travelers pay the expenses of it.

If you can't make a man think as you do, try to make him do as you think.

I was as tall as young men, "Go in," and to old fellows, "Get out."

"Military Necessity"—Ten officers and a galon of whiskey to every 3 privates.

Young men, be more anxious about the pedigree yure going to leave, than you are about the 1 sum-boddy left you.

There is only 1 advantage that I can see in going tew the Devil, and that is, the rode is easy, and you are sure to find the way.

The month of May, with her lambs at pla, is sum; but the month of July, with her burning eye, is summer.

When a man's dog deserts him on akount of his poverti, he kant get enny lower down in this world—not bi land.

Two common "Yankee Noshuns" are the noshun that akuel houses are cheaper than Staats Prisons, and the noshun that the United States is liable at enny time tew be doubled, but ain't liable at enny time to be divided.

The tax on "undressed poultry" has bin doubled—the morals of the kuntry seems to require it.

## DECIMAL CURRENCY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.

By the adoption of a decimal currency, America has brought her financial computations within the four fundamental processes of arithmetic, lightening the labors of the accountant to a degree which, though imperceptible on a small scale, on the large one, throughout the country and the year, doubtless amounts to a saving in time and money which would astound us if it could be tabulated in figures. It remains for us to banish "Reduction" from the arithmetic altogether, and the only wonder is that we did not complete the work when we invented dollars and cents. The labor-and-time-economizing Yankee feels a sort of contempt for his landlord in Liverpool when he sees him footing up the items of his bill under the three heads of £ s. d., dividing the amount of the first column by twelve, and the second by twenty. What consistency, then, is there in the patience with which, after chaining off the number of rods between a hundred separate pairs of field-stakes, he divides the sum of all the measurements by three hundred and twenty to get the total perimeter of his tract in miles? How can he rest contented with a system under which the odd ounces on the tail end of fifty different invoices of butter must be footed up and divided by sixteen before he knows how many pounds he has—even the poor attempt at something like decimal ease and compactness breaking down entirely under the pressure of that arithmetical bull by which a hundred weight becomes a hundred and twelve weight, and twenty hundred is made to mean twenty-two hundred and forty? Why should he laugh at the Cockney's "bobs" and "joes" and "tanners," or the "piculs" and "taels" of the Japanese, when he continues to buy his sherry in barrels whose capacity for gallons he must arrive at by multiplying them into thirty-one and a half, or his double X in receptacles similarly named, but requiring another multiplier of thirty-six for the same reduction; when his wife's dresses are measured by yards, eighths, and quarters at the shop—on her fingers at home; when the pipe that brings his Croton runs sixteen ounces, and the silver mug from which his child drinks that Croton, twelve ounces, to the pound; when, in fine, every thing about him, save the money in his pocket, must be put through a course of arithmetical gymnastics, involving all the four fundamental processes, if it ever becomes desirable to get an ultimate expression of its quantity? Can he be aware that there is no need of all this bother; that his unwieldy fractional divisors, ponderous multipliers, and several successive reckonings are demanded by no rational law; that the whole chapter of denominate tables is based upon ratios purely arbitrary, or such as, possessing convenience in a rude and unphilosophic antiquity, have lost all claim to it in an age when mathematical precision not only lies in reach of the humblest schoolboy, but is a *sine qua non* in every hourly process of practical life?

When a blacksmith forged the small change of the English realm with less uniformity than his successors now give to their horse-shoes, thirty-two average kernels of kiln-dried wheat closely enough approached the average weight of a penny to represent as many equal subdivisions of it. Later, when the penny had more skill expended on its manufacture, there became possible a more uniform division of its weight. For thirty-two irregular kernels of wheat were substituted twenty-four regular disks of metal, retaining the old familiar name of grains. The pennyweight still remained the best available unit, being the nearest approach to a standard weight within reach of a vast majority of the English people.

Both science and foreign commerce, then sleeping in the womb of time, have come into the world since England framed her table of Troy weights. The ecclesiastical of the alchemist and the blind guesses of the astrologer are superseded by a stern analysis which accounts for the invisible breath of the expiring taper, and weighs the farthest star of the perceptible universe. The huckster of 1300, A. D., coming, as old Stowe tells us, to estimate his wares at "the weighing machine" which Edward II. caused to be set up, and wrangling with the city weigh-master who stood "to do justice between buyer and seller," has been swept into history's *limbo patrum* by the Titanic moderns who built the docks of London and of Liverpool. The little cock-boats and droghers which crept along the indentations of the English coast, and crossed either strait to Ireland or France with a timidity more piteous than the veriest landsman among their children feels in setting out to circumnavigate the world—these are succeeded by a commercial marine which carries a ton of varied and costly foreign merchandise a thousand leagues for every pennyweight of crude domestic produce which the ancient craft transported the distance of a mile. The variation and inaccuracy of weights which was an unnoticeable quantity in the tannage of a snook, becomes a serious mistake in the lading of a clipper. Pennyweight commerce went out with the Spanish Armada; pennyweight science gave its

last gasp in the laboratory of Lavoisier; pennyweight computation and pennyweight nomenclature alone survive—the opprobrium and the obstacle alike of learning and of trade. Nor can the inconsistent boaster of a decimal currency find any more comfort in the consideration of his measures than of his weights; for let him know that, in common with the conservative Cockney, he is buying every yard of cloth, every cord of wood, every acre of land, according to measurements decreed by the edict of Henry I. and based upon the exact length of that despot's arm! We cheerfully await the verdict of the American people upon the question, whether the entire machinery of denominate numbers, as now taught and practiced shall not be forever swept away from the arenas of life and science, into which it introduces only hindrance and confusion, to be replaced by a system whose notation, subdivisions and processes all being decimal, shall be operated as simply as any calculation of abstract quantities, and show at a glance the relation between less and greater weights or measures, as it is now made manifest between units, tens and hundreds, by the mere agency of places and points.—*World*.

## NANTUCKET.

Thompson and I had a fortnight's holiday, and the question arose how could we pass it best, and for the least money.

We are both clerks, that is to say, shopmen, in a large jobbing house; but although, like most Americans, we spend our lives in the din and bustle of a colossal shop, where selling and packing are the only pastime, and daybooks and ledgers the only literature, we wish it to be understood that we have souls capable of speculating upon some other matters that have no cash value, yet which mankind cannot neglect without becoming something little better than magnified busy bees, or gigantic ants, or overgrown social caterpillars. And, although I say it myself, I have quite a reputation among our fellows, that I have earned by the confident way in which I lay down a great principle of science, aesthetics, or morals. I confess that I am perhaps a little given to generalize from a single fact; but my manner is imposing to the weaker brethren, and my credit for great wisdom is well established in our street.

Under these circumstances it became a matter of some importance to decide the question, where can we go to the best advantage, pecuniary and æsthetical?

We had both of us, in the pursuit of our calling,—that is to say, in hunting after bad debts and drumming up new business,—travelled over most of this country on those long lines of rails that always remind me of the parallels of latitude on globes and maps; and we wondered why people who had once gratified a natural curiosity to see this land should ever travel over it again, unless with the hope of making money by their labor. Health, certainly, no one can expect to get from the tough upper-leathers and sodden soles of the pies offered at the ten-minutes-for-refreshment stations, nor from their saturated sponge-cakes. As to pleasure, I said to Thompson,—"the pleasure of travelling consists in the new and agreeable sensations it affords. Above all, they must be new. You wish to move out of your old set of thoughts and feelings, or else why move at all? But all the civilized world over, locomotives, like huge flat-irons, are smoothing customs, costumes, thoughts, and feelings into one plane, homogeneous surface. And in this country not only does Nature appear to do everything by wholesale, but there is as little variety in human beings. We have discovered the political alchemist or universal solvent of the alchemists, and with it we reduce at once the national characteristics of foreigners into our well-known American compound. Hence, on all the great lines of travel, Monotony has marked us for her own. Coming from the West, you are whirled through twelve hundred miles of towns, so alike in their outward features that they seem to have been started in New England nurseries and sent to be planted wherever they might be wanted;—square brick buildings, covered with signs, and a stoutish sentry-box on each flat roof; telegraph offices; express companies; a crowd of people dressed alike, 'earnest,' and bustling as ants, with seemingly but one idea,—to furnish materials for the statistical tables of the next census. Then, beyond, you catch glimpses of many smaller and neater buildings, with grass and trees and white fences about them. Some are Gothic, some Italian, some native American. But the glory of one Gothic is like the glory of another Gothic, the Italian are all built upon the same pattern, and the native Americans differ only in size. There are three marked currents of architectural taste, but no individual character in particular buildings. Everywhere you see comfort and abundance; your mind is easy on the great subject of imports, exports, products of the soil, and manufactures;—a pleasant and strengthening prospect for a political economist, or for shareholders in railways or owners of lands in the vicinity. This 'unparalleled prosperity' must be exciting to a foreigner who sees it for the first time; but we Yankees are to the manner born and bred up. We take it all as a matter of course, as the young Plutuses do their father's fine house and horses and servants. Kingsley says there is a great, unspoken poetry in sanitary reform. It may be so; but as yet the words only suggest sewers, ventilation, and chloride of lime. The poetry has not yet become vocal; and I think the same may be said of our 'material progress.' It seems thus far very prosaic.

(Continued on page 6.)



## The New York Saturday Press.

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## OUR NEW ISSUE.

We present to-day the first number of our promised "New Issue" and respectfully request that everybody pronounce it, at once, to be the handsomest, brightest, and best paper in the land. This request being complied with—and we could hardly ask less—we have one other to make, namely, that everybody immediately remit us \$5.00 and thus, in their own interest as well as ours, secure the paper for at least a year. We feel no personal enmity toward the vast number of persons who insist on purchasing it week by week at Brentano's or elsewhere; but seeing the vast sums of money we should immediately receive if the other course were pursued,—and seeing what a good thing it is in this world to have vast sums of money, especially if you are publishing a paper—we must say that as between the casual (or even the regular) purchaser and the good square old subscriber, our affections instinctively gravitate toward the latter.

And this is about all that on this important occasion we have to say. We might indeed point out the various changes we have made in our little sheet; but it is not impossible that the careful observer will detect them without our aid. He may even perceive that we have adopted a new heading; in fact, he may be smarter still and be able to decipher it. At any rate, if he examines the paper carefully he will perceive that everything about it means something, while if he is in any doubt as to what, the best thing he can do is to take it regularly and find out.

## A WARNING.

An anonymous correspondent who appears to be displeased with what we said last week apropos of President Johnson's "Veto-message," favors us with the following "Warning."

New York, 24, 1866.

DEAR PRESS: Your "Word to President Johnson," now that everybody is positively so "touchy," had better have been left unaided; so many of your subscribers and old friends of the Press, some of us will be so that remarkable soundness in the Veto Message; and it seems to me you'd be wiser to let each of your readers beg the donation that you're on his side of the fence, by simply letting us all remain in the usual ignorance concerning your political tendencies.—Don't you?

Well no, we don't. We think that if there are any of the "subscribers and old friends of the Press" who object to our saying what we think on any subject whatever, they have read the paper to very little profit. Two or three communications similar to the above were sent to us when we ventured to express the hope, just before the last city election, that Recorder Hoffman would be elected Mayor. And the fun of it is that the writer of one of them said that if we would persist in the folly of advocating either of the candidates, we ought at least to advocate the one who had some chance of winning!—a thought which, truth to say, hadn't occurred to us, though we knew very well who ought to win, and have a faint recollection who did.

Now it matters very little to us whether what we say pleases this subscriber or that, so that we say just what we think; and we may as well notify all persons who intend to become subscribers (a pretty large class, we trust) that if they expect us to shape our opinions according to theirs—or to vary them in the least with a view to mere "business," they are very much mistaken.

We may be wrong in respect to the President's Veto, but being strongly impressed with the idea that one government is about as much as any country can stand—and that if the new Bureau bill had passed we should have had two, with a vast locustry of office-holders in each—it seemed to us that there could be no harm in our intimating as much, and we accordingly did so.

We are not partisans of President Johnson, or of anybody else; but, like all thinking people we have our views on the subject of government, and when the mood is on we shall be very likely to express them even at the risk of offending "many subscribers and old friends of the Press," and receiving a fresh "Warning" every week.

A correspondent who is under the mistaken impression that we are opposed to the "Freedmen," suggests that now President Johnson has smashed the ebony baron, he had better look out for some new secretaries, and procure for himself an Old Hickory cabinet. The same correspondent thinks it funny to describe a certain Senator from Ohio as "Ben Wade, and found wanting."

"A Fenian" sends us a long article, full of Newman and other lore, to show that the English are conceited and stupid in calling themselves "Anglo-Saxons": he even tries to be witty on the subject and says that, judging from their late developments, they deserve no higher name than "Angry-Saxons."

Mayor Hoffman is too gallant a man not to believe in Valentines, but to tax the city sixty thousand dollars for a "Valentine's Manual" strikes him as rather steep: hence his "Veto," which is making as much of a stir in certain circles as the President's.

One of our Washington correspondents writes us that President Johnson has improved on the well-known maxim of Polonius so as to make it read:—"Costly thy Raymond as thy purse can buy."

If you want to know how to make oxide of silver, go to Professor Tillman of the American Institute; if you want to know how to make silver of oxide, go to almost anybody in the "Swamp."

Since Boston is recognized as the "Hub of the Universe," it is proposed by the Fenians that New York take the position of "Head Centre."

If it doesn't expose us to the charge of partisanship again, we beg to suggest that, because Thad. Davis happens to have "lost his head," it by no means follows that President Johnson should lose his.

An exchange suggests that the women who have recently been shipped to the Far West, should found a new city there and call it "She-cargo."

We take the liberty of citing, as a successful case of "reconstruction," the present issue of the SATURDAY PRESS.

If there is a melancholy object in the world, it is a policeman who "loves above his station."

How can a man be accused of taking "sides in politics," unless he take both sides? And then again, how can he take one side without being singular?

Since the rage of the Rinderpest in Great Britain the English are said to have become completely cow'd down.

It is said that the Sabbatarians of Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., who have been waging a war lately against the Sunday papers, are about petitioning the market men not to sell eggs that are laid on Sunday.

The papers this week abound in obituary notices of Col. Forney. We are not sure, however, that the Colonel is dead yet, although if he is, we have the President's word for it that he died "guma."

The WINDHARD HERALD publishes the following notice: "Anonymous communications solicited—they are first rate to kindle fire with." The same here.

## LITERARY MATTERS.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. W. D. Howells is about to be entrusted with the editorial charge of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Our readers will remember Mr. Howells as one of the first contributors to the Press, where, in the good old days, his writings used to appear side by side with those of Aldrich, Arnold, O'Brien, Stoddard, Winter, Wilkins, Whitman, Gardette, and a host of others, some of whom have carried their pleasant memory of him to the "far country." For about three years Mr. Howells was consul in Venice, but some months since he resigned the position, and since then he has been exclusively occupied with literature. Several very able articles from his pen have recently appeared in the NATION, and one or two in the NORTH AMERICAN QUARTERLY. He has also found time to complete a work on "Venice," which will be published in course of the season. There is no more graceful writer in the country, and no one that we can think of whose tastes, habits of thought, and general culture better fit him to edit a first class magazine like THE ATLANTIC.

The volume of verse by George Arnold, about to be published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, will be entitled "Drift; a Sea-Shore Idyl, and other Poems." The collection has been made by Mr. Wm. Winter, who will preface the work with a biographic memoir. The day of publication has not yet been fixed, but it will probably be early in April. The Poems will be accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Arnold, which is now in the hands of the engraver. It is the intention of the publishers to make the volume one of the handsomest that they have ever issued.

The connection of George Alfred Townsend with the New York CRISIS terminated last week, and the paper will hereafter remain under the exclusive charge of Col. Halpine. In conjunction with "Miles O'Reilly" the Colonel can easily make it the most entertaining paper in the city.

Frank Bret Harte has retired from the editorial chair of THE CALIFORNIAN, which will hereafter be filled by Mr. Charles H. Webb, who founded the paper, and made it the best weekly in the land. Mr. Harte fully kept up his reputation, and nothing but the return of Mr. Webb could reconcile us to his defection. We notice, by the way, that Mr. Webb now and then writes a spicy letter from San Francisco to the New York TIMES. His best writings in THE CALIFORNIAN appear over the signature of "Immo;" but why will he insist on calling them "Inigoings?" Is there a subtle antithesis in the name to "Outcroppings," about which he and his brother poets in California are making so much noise?

"Josh Billings, His Book," is to be brought out presently by Carleton, who is also getting out another edition (but that he does every week or two) of "Artemus Ward, His Travels."

The London RAMBLER indulges in a burst of admiration over Mr. E. Rowland Hill, of San Francisco, who recently read a poem before a literary society in that city. It calls him "a rising poet in the Far West whose name will certainly ere long become familiar to all lovers of true poetry." San Francisco has a greater "out-cropping" of poets than any city in the world.

The first number of the new monthly to be published by Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, of this city, under the title of TOWN AND COUNTRY, will be ready on or about the first of April. The name of the editor has not yet been announced. Rumor appoints Bayard Taylor; but rumor is capricious, and appoints also R. H. Stoddard and C. D. Gardette.

The following exquisite little poem from the March number of the ATLANTIC is by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich:—

## S N O W .

The Summer comes, and the Summer goes,  
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,  
The sparrows go darting through the fragrant rains,  
And, all of a sudden,—it snows!

Dear Heart! our lives so happily flow,  
So lightly we heed the flying hours,  
We only know Winter is gone—by the flowers,  
We only know Winter is come—by the snow!

Mr. Julius H. Browne has resigned the city editorship of the TRIBUNE and gone over to the TIMES. The new city editor is Mr. N. D. Urner, who is known to the public chiefly as a poet. He is a capital prose writer, however, for all that.

From a book of poems recently published in London under the title of "Romances and Minor Poems," by Henry Glassford Bell, we extract the following:

## MY VIS-A-VIS.

That olden lady—can it be?  
Well, well, how seasons slip away!  
Do let me hand her a cup of tea  
That I may gently to her say,  
"Dear madam, thirty years ago,  
When both our hearts were full of gloe,  
In many a dance and courtly show  
I had you for my vis-a-vis."

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,  
That eastern jewel on your wrist,  
That neck-encircling string of pearls  
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—  
I see them all—I see the tale  
Looped up with roses at the knee.  
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful  
Was then your cheek, vis-a-vis!"

"I hear the whispered praise yet,  
The hum of pleasure when you came,  
The rushing eagerness to get  
Like moths within the flame flame;  
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,  
As apple when you shake the tree,  
So hearts fall showering at your feet  
In these glad days, my vis-a-vis."

"O time and change, what's to you mean?  
Ye gods! can I believe my own?  
Has that held partly person been  
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?  
That six-foot officer your son,  
Who looks o'er his moustache at me!  
Why did not Joshua stop our son,  
When I was first your vis-a-vis?"

"Forgive me, if I've been too bold,  
Permit me to return your cup;  
My heart was beating as of old,  
One drop of youth still bubbled up."  
So spoke I: then, like cold December,  
Only these brief words said she,  
"I do not in the least remember  
I ever was your vis-a-vis."

The Paris correspondent of the EVENING POST discourses as follows on the subject of dictionaries, calling attention to a work of that class (Littre's) the progress of which, scholars on both sides of the water have been watching with interest for years:

If the literature world, past and present, of France, could be divided up into epochs and classified, this might be called the age of dictionaries. Dictionaries abound here on all subjects—not alone of languages in monograph and polygot forms, but of religion, art, science, literature, government, and nature, all these headings being subdivided ad infinitum. The enormous and very valuable French Catholic collection of dictionaries of the Abbe Migot shows what can be done under a religious heading. Next is the great dictionary of the French language by the French Academy, which, however, is but in the perspective. Nobody can calculate upon its completion with any certainty. I am ignorant of the time it has been in progress, but I believe many years. Last year the work had progressed to the word *Amour*, and this year to the word *Amplius*—the whole thus far comprising five large volumes. Dragging its slow length along after this fashion it will fill a hundred folios, and be terminated in a thousand years.

Meanwhile the indefatigable, erudite Littre is preparing a dictionary for immediate use. This work is half published, and the whole is in manuscript. For learning, convenience, and usefulness devotion to his labor, Littre is a phenomenon in this age. His dictionary will be what the French call a "monument," and in method a model for lexicographers of all countries. In contemplating his labor by the side of that of the French Academy, composed of thirty little intellects, the superiority of individual genius to corporate dullness is very apparent. It is particularly gratifying to note the contrast in this case, because the Academy rejected Littre when nominated for membership two years ago, his election having been defeated through the malicious statements and political trickery of Monsiegnor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. This proves much a heresy, and accordingly had the dinner blackballed, modern times not permitting burning at the stake. If authorities of this type may influence votes on men, how will they vote on terms? To be consistent, each term as cleric and tolerant ought to be excluded from a dictionary prepared by the Bishop and his confederates. Perhaps by the time these terms come up for consideration by the Academy the representatives of theological propensities will have no votes there.

Mr. Robert M. Strobeigh, formerly publisher of

the TATUM, has formed a co-partnership with Messrs. George A. and William R. Leavitt, the well-known book auctioneers. The firm, now, is Leavitt, Strobeigh & Co. Mr. J. G. Cooley retires. Mr. Strobeigh is one of the ablest and most successful business men in the city.

Matthew Arnold is collecting materials for a work on the Celts and Celtic Literature. He might collect some useful information about the Celts in this country.

Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie has written a new novel, entitled "The Cityfords of Clyffe."

Efforts are being made in Paris to induce the widow of Balzac to publish the three or four volumes of manuscript which were found among his papers. A new work by Balzac would be a sensation indeed.

The next novel of Alexander Dumas jr. is to be entitled "L'Affaire Clemenceau; Miroirs de l'Accusé." We know of but one "Clemenceau," and he is an accomplished young Frenchman now in this city whose principal "affair," for the moment, is the translation of Mill's late work on Comte and Positivism. The translation is to be issued in course of the year by a leading publisher in Paris.

Ada Clare, whose book-critiques and other articles in the early numbers of the SATURDAY PRESS, and in other journals, have made her name so favorably known in literary circles, will soon be a candidate for criticism herself. The work she is about to issue is a love-story bearing the striking title of "Only a Woman's Heart." The publisher is to be Mr. J. Bradburn, of this city.

Martin Farquar Tupper has just completed a five-act historical play entitled "The Life and Death of Raleigh."

The letter from Donald McKay published in the last number of the PRESS, should have been credited to the Boston COMMERCIAL BULLETIN, one of the most valuable papers on our exchange list.

"Jeeves Pipes of Pipesville," (vulgarly called Stephen C. Massett), is writing a series of comic articles for WATSON'S ART JOURNAL. In his last he says: "The fiddle (vulgarly called the violin) has probably more tones to it and gets on more strings than any other instrument: it has a 'Bridge of Sighs' which it varies according to the Sighs it brings forth."

Mr. W. H. Huntington the accomplished Paris correspondent of the New York TATUM, has been spending the Summer among his friends on this side of the water. He is now, however, on the way back to his post, which he has filled with rare ability for nearly twelve years. His predecessor was the late W. H. Fry. This department of the TATUM has always been well cared for. During several years it was in the charge of Mr. Charles A. Dana.

The Academy of Sciences at Stockholm are about to publish a fac-simile of an interesting relic—a photo-lithographic copy of the first edition of the "Systema Naturae" of Linnaeus, a folio of about fourteen leaves. Though very thin, it contains the groundwork of nearly all that the great naturalist accomplished.

The HOME JOURNAL is publishing a translation of a new romance by Lamartine, entitled, "Flor d'Alisa, an Idyl of Italian Life." The JOURNAL continues to be edited by Mr. N. P. Willis and Mr. Morris Phillips, and is one of the few among our weekly exchanges in which we are always sure to find something interesting.

Mr. Robert M. De Witt, No. 13 Frankfort St., has published a collection of Capt. Mayne Reid's best works in thirteen uniform volumes at the low price of \$1.50. The printing, binding, etc., would do credit to any publishing house in the country.

Mr. Durand's translation of Professor Taine's celebrated work on the Philosophy of Art (published in London), has been received by Messrs. Baillière Brothers, No. 520 Broadway. A few copies may be found at Brentano's.

Mr. Emil Seitz, the well-known print-seller, No. 849 Broadway, has sold out the retail portion of his business to the enterprising young firm of Weissmann & Langerfeldt, who will continue it at the old stand. They commence with one of the best selected collections of line-engravings, etchings, mezzotints, and chromo-lithographs in the country.

The splendid collection of oil and water color paintings consigned by distinguished artists in Europe to Mr. S. P. Avery, of this city, and now on view at his elegant little gallery, No. 694 Broadway, will shortly be sold at auction. For further particulars see advertisement.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Annual Report of the American Institute, of the City of New York for the year 1864-5. Octavo, pp. 721. Albany.

A Text-book on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. For the use of Families and Schools. By John C. Draper, With 170 Illustrations. Octavo, pp. 308. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anna Beale. 12mo, pp. 400. Boston, Loring.

War of the Rebellion; or, Seylla and Charybdis. Containing of Observations upon the causes, course, and consequences of the late Civil War in the United States. By M. S. Foote. 12mo, pp. 440. New York, Harper & Bros.

Poems. By Robert Buchanan. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

Snow-Brand, a Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 12mo, pp. 61. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

Coupon Bonds. By J. T. Townbridge. Pamphlet, pp. 48. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.



## Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

If I had just drawn fifty thousand dollars in a lottery, like Neil Bryant, I shouldn't feel happier than I do at this moment.

Usually when I sit down to these Feuilletons, my brow is sickled o'er with the pale (ale) cast of thought, and I wish all the theatres, etc., in Bungay—if you know where that is.

But this week, I am positively radiant.

Everything looks *couleur de rose*, as one of my young men said the first night he saw Miss Eytinge. I can almost say, with Emerson, "almost I fear to think how glad I am."

And do you know why?

Why simply because it does me so much good to hear (or rather to know) of your prosperity, my dear PAME.

You have had a long and a hard time of it—as who should know better than myself?—but lo, now, your path is suddenly strewn with flowers and the Sun smiles upon you, like the good Sun that it is, with its sweetest smile.

Now, then, don't be dazzled by your success, and all will be right.

Prosperity is sometimes harder to bear, you know, than adversity: the Press has stood up pretty well, under the latter—let us see what will be the effect upon it of the former.

I don't mind your rushing into a new suit, and getting Mullen to furnish you with a new top-piece, but don't go to "taking on airs."

Look as brave and handsome as you please, but be modest as well, and who knows but you may win all hearts?

Having said all which, I have only to add, "bless you, my child," and may you prove worthy of your sire!

And now, then, to my task, which this week is of a pleasantness in keeping with my state of mind.

I haven't seen much, since my last, to be sure, but all that I have seen has given me peculiar delight.

I found a charm even in going to Barnum's, where I assure you the biblical piece now on the boards ("Moses, or Israel in Egypt") is one of the most effective dramas that has been played in New York for years.

There is no very great acting in it (it is true), but there is good acting throughout, while the tableaux alone—culminating in a grand moving panorama of the Nile—make the piece not only attractive but almost grand.

Then, again, the lesson it teaches is so good, that if I had a Sunday-school class, as I used to have, if you remember, I would send them to it every afternoon.

I am afraid my class of Bohemians wouldn't like it so much; but they are provided for, just now, at Wallack's, where Bohemia figures, large as life, in a play called "Society."

I wonder somebody hasn't thought of the idea before; for it has the charm of novelty if nothing more.

The play is said to have been written by a couple of young Englishmen named respectively Robertson and Noah: but in reality it is an anglicised version of a French play called—well, I forget what, but that doesn't matter.

It is so common to steal plays from the French and German and then add insult to injury by ignoring the original author, that the theft hardly attracts attention.

Never mind: "Society" is capitally translated, and, as cast at Wallack's, makes one of the most delicious entertainments we have had this season.

The central figure in the piece is a young Bohemian (Sidney Daryl) who has seen better days, and not having quite forgotten how they looked, is anxious to see them again, to which end he is courting a young heiress and preparing (such is life) to cut Bohemia altogether and be what is called a "gentleman."

The other characters are the heiress in question (Maud Hetherington)—a rich young parvenue, his rival (Mr. John Chodd, jr.)—the father of the same (Chodd, senior)—Lord and Lady Plarmigant, the guardians or parents (I forget which) of the young heiress—a small and suspicious crowd of Bohemians (Tom Stylus, Mr. O'Sullivan, Moses Aaron, etc.) and a number of small people "too humorous to mention."

The cast is as follows:

Sidney Daryl.....	Mr. Frederic Robinson
Tom Stylus.....	Mr. Charles Fisher
Lord Plarmigant.....	Mr. Mark Smith
Mr. John Chodd, sen.....	Mr. Geo. Holland
Mr. John Chodd, jr.....	Mr. Holman
O'Sullivan.....	Mr. W. H. Norton
The Small Lamb.....	Mr. J. C. Williamson
Moses Aaron.....	Mr. Browne
Lord Choddways, M. P.....	Mr. Graham
Dr. Mahfisch.....	Mr. Ward
Max Upchurch.....	Mr. Pope
Bradley.....	Mr. Roberts
Scargill.....	Mr. McFee
Water.....	Mr. Cashin
Maud Hetherington.....	Miss Madeline Henriques
Lady Plarmigant.....	Mrs. Varcoe
Little Maud.....	Miss Emma Le Brun
Mrs. Churton.....	Mrs. Timoney
Maria.....	Miss Scott

The plan of the piece, I needn't tell you, is that Daryl shall outwit his rival (Chodd jr.) and carry off the young heiress (Maud Hetherington) which of course he does, to the great delight of his Bohemian friends, and to the utter disgust of the two Chodds.

It is also a matter of course, else what would become of the "British Constitution," (which there isn't any, but let that pass) that, before marrying the young heiress, Daryl turns out to be a Lord something or other (a little tin etc., on wheels) and that the two unhappy Chodds—whose efforts to get into

"Society" gives the piece its name—retire from the field disgusted, leaving rank triumphant, the mythical Constitution aforesaid intact, and the audience (especially if it happen to be composed largely of Britannia ware) in raptures.

Truly, my dear PAME, it is a very amusing piece.

There is a Bohemian scene in it—where the elegant Daryl wants to borrow five shillings, at an ale house, of his Bohemian friends (who, strangely enough, don't happen to be peculiarly flush)—that would do credit to Pfaff's.

There is also a gambling scene, where Daryl wins money of his rival, and afterwards pitches into his innamorata, that would do credit to "Camille" (from which, not to put too fine a point upon it, it is "taken").

But why attempt to describe a piece which is indescribable?

Let me merely add, then, that the playing of it at Wallack's, as I have already intimated, is superb.

Robinson, in the part of Daryl (which he does not dress to resemble Prince Albert, nor even George Washington) gives us one of those elaborate, careful, nice—yes, nice is the word—pieces of acting which you could no more find fault with than you could find fault with your lady's back hair.

Holston as Shodd, jr., and Holland as Shodd, senior, you can imagine: I am shaking my sides, as I write, at the very thought of them.

Mark Smith's Lord Plarmigant is also very funny, while Mrs. Vernon's Lady Plarmigant I should like to put in a frame, and hang up in my gallery.

The other characters, excepting Maud, a little *bout de rite* played with rare delicacy by Miss Henriques—and Tom Stylus, an eccentric Bohemian drawn to the life by Mr. Fisher, afford no opportunity for playing, and are played accordingly.

What I most like about the piece is its freshness: there is nothing conventional or "stuck up" in the whole thing: the characters in it are so alive that they must be acted well or they can't be acted at all: in a word, it is a regular French play written for human beings to appear in, for human beings to enjoy, and for human beings (like you and me) to write about!

And the same is true about "Used Up," which they are playing just now at the Olympic.

The author of that too, by the way, is forgotten and there are lots of people who will tell you that it was written by Charles Matthews.

There is this thing to be said, however, about Charles Matthews, that he plays Sir Charles Coldstream in the piece better than anybody else has done it, even in Paris.

Next to him comes I forget who: but the best representation I have seen of the character this long time is that of Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, who made his American debut in it at the Olympic last Monday night, and, as the *Clericus* would say, "fairly took the audience by storm."

The pity is that he should have afterwards appeared as Clorinda in "Cinderella e la Comare," as Mrs. Wood calls her new burlesque.

I have no doubt, from all I learn, that Mr. Rowe is a good burlesque actor, but judging from his Clorinda, I should say that he had better not undertake female characters till he understands the dear sex better.

At any rate he had better not undertake them when Mrs. Wood is 'round, for the contrast will be a little too strong.

And if it is not ungallant to say so, I advise Miss Eliza Newton not to change her sex on the stage: she makes an excellent soubrette, but in such parts as Prince Poppetti (which falls to her lot in "Cinderella") she is altogether too gushing.

Please don't infer from this, my dear PAME, that the "Cinderella" performance at the Olympic is not entertaining: for I would walk a mile with peas in my shoes ("boiled," mind you) just to hear Mrs. Wood sing that wonderful song in which she advises Maximilian to "get up and git"—or words to that effect.

And then I would walk another mile, under the same conditions, to see the scenery of the piece, and hear the Baker's dozen or so of musical gems from the orchestra—not to mention one or two charming little songs by Miss Myers.

I used to predict, by the way, when Miss Myers was an "infant phenomenon," that some day she would figure at the Opera: and if she had had the chance to cultivate her voice a little more, and put herself into good square operatic training, I have no doubt the prediction would have been fulfilled, and your humble servant would have figured, by this time, among the "long line of prophets."

But I have not done making musical predictions yet, and accordingly I predict for Senorita Poch, the beautiful young Spanish prima donna, who made her first appearance among us at the Academy last Monday in the appropriate opera of "La Favorita," (as I predicted of Adelina Patti, when she made her debut on a certain famous "off-night") that her name and fame will soon be as familiar among us as household words.

And apropos of the Academy, I may as well state that the brilliant season is nearly up, and that, accordingly, one night a week, (Tuesday) will be set apart, to the close, for benefits.

The first of these will be given on Tuesday next to that Prince of Tenors, Mazzoleni, who will appear in "L'Africaine."

The only other operatic item on my list is that at the Matinee to-day (which will commence at one o'clock) we are to have Donizetti's delicious opera of "Don Pasquale"; and that for some time next week we are promised Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."

But stop! there is another item and that a pretty serious one: there is talk of a new opera house to

be located nearly opposite the present one; yes, and something more than "talk," for the money has been subscribed, the land purchased, the architect appointed, the director all but fixed on, etc.

So look out for music!

Aye, and look out for the new Music Hall about to be erected in the rear of their piano-palace by the Steinways.

Only to think of it, I remember those young men when they had a little chance of building a Music Hall as of building a Cathedral: now, I shouldn't be surprised to hear of their building a city; in fact, they came pretty near it when they built their immense factory.

Now, then, where are your old friends Schütz and Ludolf? They, too, make the piano their forte, and as there is room for everybody, why shouldn't they build palaces and things, as well as other people?

Just you wait till they do; and meanwhile, pleasantry apart, believe me that the Steinways are really going to build the finest Music Hall in the whole land.

And now, my dear PAME, there is nothing to add to my this week's screed except that Edwin Booth is continuing his immense success at the Winter Garden in "Richelieu" and will give a Hamlet-Matinée there next Wednesday: that Maggie Mitchell still crowds Niblo's Garden every night with her fascinating impersonation of Fanchon: that Mr. Robinson is to take his benefit next Tuesday night at Wallack's in Douglas Jerrold's drama of "The Rent Day" and Morton's farce of "The Eton Boy": that Lucille Western is still electrifying large audiences at Wood's Theatre with her powerful acting in "The Child-Stealer": that the last "Solon Shingle" Matinée of the season takes place to-day at The Broadway: and, finally, that if I don't wish every success to your New Issue may I be sent to Ireland on a raft and have my corpus suspended.

Figaro.

## AMUSEMENTS.

## ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

SEASON OF 1866.

MANAGER..... DIRECTOR.

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MONDAY EVENING, March 5th, at 8.

[NINETEENTH SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.]

Only time this season of Verdi's most celebrated opera,

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MME. CARONNI SUOCHI,

MME. SIMON DI BOMBI,

SIGNOR MAZZOLENI,

SIGNOR BELLINI.

On TUESDAY EVENING, (EXTRA NIGHT.)

BENEFIT OF SIGNOR MAZZOLENI,

Last night but one of

L'AFRICAIN.

In the course of next week will be produced

THE STAR OF THE NORTH,

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## IRVING HALL,

Assisted by the first Artists in this country, including

Soprano, DE BOMBI, Soprano,

Signor MAZZOLENI, Tenor,

Signor ANTONIO, Bass,

Herr LOUIS SCHREIBER, Cornet,

Herr ED. MOLLERHAUSEN, Violin,

Herr HENRY MOLLERHAUSEN, Violoncello

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(Continued from page 3.)

"Only a great poet sees the poetry of his own age," we are told. We every-day people are unfortunately blind to it."

Here I was silent. I had dived into the deepest recesses of my soul. Thompson waited patiently until I should rise to the surface and blow again. It was thus:—

"Have you not noticed that the people we sit beside in railway cars are becoming as much alike as their brown linen 'dusters,' and unsuggestive except on that point of statistics? They are intelligent, but they carry their shops on their backs, as snails do their houses. Their thoughts are fixed upon the one great subject. On all others, politics included, they talk from hand to mouth, offering you a cold hash of their favorite morning paper. Even those praiseworthy persons who devote their time to temperance, missions, tract-societies, seem more like men of business than apostles. They lay their charities before you much as they would display their goods, and urge their excellence and comparative cheapness to induce you to lay out your money."

"The fact is, that the traveller is daily losing his human character, and becoming more and more a package, to be handled, stowed, and 'forwarded' as may best suit the convenience and profit of the enterprising parties engaged in the business. If at night he stops at a hotel, he rises to the dignity of an animal, is marked by a number, and driven to his food and litter by the herdsmen employed by the master of the establishment. To a thinking man, it is a sad indication for the future to see what slaves this hotel-railroad-steamboat system has made of the brave and the free when they travel. How they toady captains and conductors, and without murmuring put up with any imposition they please to practice upon them, even unto taking away their lives! As we all pay the same price at hotels, each one hopes by smiles and servility to induce the head-clerk to treat him a little better than his neighbors. There is no despotism more absolute than that of these servants of the public. As Cobbett said, 'In America, public servant means master.' None of us can sing, 'Yankees never will be slaves,' unless we stay at home. We have liberated the blacks, but I see little chance of emancipation for ourselves. The only liberty that is vigorously vindicated here is the liberty of doing wrong."

Here I stopped short. It was evident that my wind was gone, and any further exertion of eloquence out of the question for some time. I was as exhausted as a *Gymnotus* that has parted with all its electricity. Thompson took advantage of my helpless condition, and carried me off unresisting to a place which railways can never reach, and where there is nothing to attract fashionable travellers. The early Atlantic keeps watch over it and growls off the pestilent crowd of excursionists who bring uncleanness and greediness in their train, and are pursued by the land-sharks who prey upon such frivolous flying-fish. A little town, whose life stands still, or rather goes backward, whose ships have sailed away to other ports, whose inhabitants have followed the ships, and whose houses seem to be going after the inhabitants; but a town in its decline, not in its decay. Everything is clean and in good repair; everybody well dressed, healthy, and cheerful. Paupers there are none; and the new school-house would be an ornament to any town in Massachusetts. That there is no lack of spirit and vigor may be known from the fact that the island furnished five hundred men for the late war.

When we caught sight of Nantucket, the sun was shining his best, and the sea too smooth to raise a quail in the bosom of the most delicately organized female. The island first makes its appearance, as a long, thin strip of yellow underlying a long, thinner strip of green. In the middle of this double line the horizon is broken by two square towers. As you approach, the towers resolve themselves into meeting-houses, and a large white town lies before you.

At the wharf there were no baggage-smashers. Our trunks were

"Taken up tenderly,  
Lifted with care,"

and carried to the hotel for twenty-five cents in paper. I immediately established the fact, that there are no fellow-citizens in Nantucket of foreign descent. "For," said I "if you offered that obsolete fraction of a dollar to the turbulent hackmen of our cities, you would meet with offensive demonstrations of contempt." I seized the opportunity to add, apropos of the ways of that class of persons: "Theoretically, I am a thorough democrat; but when democracy drives a hack, smells of bad whiskey and cheap tobacco, ruins my portmanteau, robs me of my money, and damns my eyes when it does not blacken them, if I dare protest—I hate it."

The streets are paved and clean. There are few horses on the island, and these are harnessed single to box-wagons, painted green, the sides of which are high enough to hold safely a child, four or five years of age, standing. We often inquired the reasons for this peculiar build; but the replies were so unsatisfactory, that we put the green box down as one of the mysteries of the spot.

It seemed to us a healthy symptom, that we saw in our inn none of those alarming notices that the keepers of hotels on the mainland paste up so conspicuously, no doubt from the very natural dislike to competition, "Beware of Pickpockets," "Bolt your doors before retiring," "Deposit your valuables in the safe, or the proprietors will not be responsible." There are no thieves in Nantucket; if for no other reason, because they cannot get away with the spoils. And we were credibly informed, that the one criminal in the town jail had given notice to the

authorities that he would not remain there any longer, unless they repaired the door, as he was afraid of catching cold from the damp night air.

In the afternoons, good-looking young women swarm in the streets.

"Airy creatures,  
Alike in voice, though not in features,"

I could wish their voices were as sweet as their faces; but the American climate, or perhaps the pertness of democracy has an unfavorable effect on the organs of speech. Governor Andrew must have visited Nantucket before he wrote his eloquent lamentation over the excess of women in Massachusetts. I am fond of ladies' society, and do not sympathize with the Governor. But if that day should ever come, which is prophesied by Isaiah, when seven women shall lay hold of one man, saying, "We will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name," I think Nantucket will be the scene of the fulfilment, the women are so numerous and apparently so well off. I confess that I envy the good fortune of the young gentlemen who may be living there at that time. We saw a foreshadowing of this delightful future in the water. The bathing "facilities" consist of many miles of beach, and one bathing-house, in which ladies exchange their shore finery for their sea-weeds. Two brisk young fellows, Messrs. Whitey and Pypey, had come over in the same boat with us. We had fallen into a traveller's acquaintance with them, and listened to the story of the pleasant life they had led on the island during previous visits. We lost sight of them on the wharf. We found them again near the bath-house, in the hour of their glory. There they were, disporting themselves in the clear water, swimming, diving, floating, while around them laughed and splashed fourteen bright-eyed water-nymphs, half a dozen of them as bewitching as any Nixes that ever spread their nets for soft-hearted young Ritters in the old German romance waters. Neptune in a triumphant progress, with his Nixes tumbling about him, was no better off than Whitey and Pypey. They had, to be sure, no car, nor conch shells, nor dolphins; but, as Thompson remarked, these were unimportant accessories, that added but little to Neptune's comfort. The nymphs were the essential. The spectacle was a saddening one for us, I confess; the more so, because our forlorn condition evidently gave a new zest to the enjoyment of our friends, and stimulated them to increased vigor in their aquatic flirtations. Alone, untroubled, melancholy, and a little sheepish, we hired towels at two cents each from the ladylike and obliging colored person who superintended the bath-house, and, withdrawing to the friendly shelter of distance, dropped our clothes upon the sand, and hid our envy and insignificance in the bosom of the deep.

And the town was brilliant from the absence of the unclean advertisements of quack-medicine men. That irrepressible species have not, as yet, committed their nuisance in its streets, and disfigured the walls and fences with their portentous placards. It is the only clean place I know of. The nostrum-makers have labelled all the features of Nature on the mainland, as if our country were a vast apothecary's shop. The Romans had a gloomy fashion of lining their great roads with tombs and mortuary inscriptions. The modern practice is quite as dreary. The long lines of railway that lead to our cities are decorated with cure-alls for the sick, the *ante-mortem* epitaphs of the fools who buy them and try them.

"No place is sacred to the meddling crew  
Whose trade is—"

posting what we all should take. The walls of our domestic castles are outraged with graffiti of this class; highways and byways display them; and if the good Duke with the melancholy Jaques were to wander in some forest of New Arden, in the United States, they would be sure to

"Find daisies on trees, biters in the running brooks,  
Sprays on stones, and lies in everything."

Last year, weary of shop, and feeling the necessity of restoring tone to the mind by a course of the sublime. Thompson and I paid many dollars, travelled many miles, ran many risks, and suffered much from impertinence and from dust, in order that we might see the wonders of the Lord, his mountains and his waterfalls. We stood at the foot of the mountain, and, gazing upward at a precipice, the sublime we were in search of began to swell within our hearts, when our eyes were struck by huge Roman letters painted on the face of the rock, and held fast, as if by a spell, until we had read them all. They asked the question, "Are you troubled with worms?"

It is hardly necessary to say that the sublime within us was instantly killed. It would be fortunate, indeed, for the afflicted, if the specific of this charlatan St. George were half as destructive to the intestinal dragons he promises to destroy. Then we turned away to the glen down which the torrent plunged. And there, at the foot of the fall, in the midst of the boiling water, the foam, and spray, rose a tall crag crowned with silver birch, and hung with moss and creeping vines, bearing on its gray, weather-beaten face: "Rotterdam Schnapps." Bah! it made us sick. The caldron looked like a pan-of-bowl, and the breath of the sephyras smelt of gin and water.

Thousands of us see this dirty desecration of the shrines to which we make our summer pilgrimage, and bear with the sacrilege meekly, perhaps laugh at the wicked generation of pill-vendors, that seeks for places to put up its sign. But does not this tolerance indicate the note of vulgarity in us, as Father Newman might say? Is it not a blot on the people as well as on the rocks? Let them fill the columns of newspapers with their ill-smelling advertisements,

and sham testimonials from the Reverend Smith Brown, and Jones; but let us prevent them from setting their traps for our infirmities in the spots God has chosen for his noblest works. What a triple brass must such men have about their consciences to dare to flaunt their falsehoods in such places! It is a blasphemy against Nature. We might use Peter's words to them,—"Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." Ananias and Sapphira were slain for less. But they think, I suppose, that the age of miracles has passed, or survives only in their miraculous cures, and so coolly defy the lightnings of heaven. I was so much excited on this subject that Thompson suggested to me to give up my situation, turn Peter the Hermit, and carry a fiery scrubbing-brush through the country, preaching to all lovers of Nature to join in a crusade to wash the holy places clean of these unbelieving quacks.

It is pleasant to see that the Nantucket people are all healthy, or, if ailing, have no idea of being treated as they treat blue fish—offered a red rag or a white bone, some taking sham to bite upon, and so be hauled in and die. As regards the salubrity of the climate, I think there can be no doubt. The faces of the inhabitants speak for themselves on that point. I heard an old lady, not very well preserved, who had been a fortnight on the island, say to a sympathizing friend, into whose ear she was pouring her complaints, "I sleep better, and my stomach is sweeter." She might have expressed herself more elegantly, but she had touched the two grand secrets of life—sound sleep and good digestion.

Another comfort on this island is, that there are few shops, no temptation to part with one's pelf, and no beggars, barelegged or barefaced, to ask for it. I do not believe that there are any cases of the *cacothetis subscindendi*. The natives have got out of the habit of making money, and appear to want nothing in particular, except to go a fishing.

They have plenty of time to answer questions good humoredly and *gratis*, and do not look upon a stranger as they do upon a stranded blackfish—to be stripped of his oil and bone for their benefit. "I feel like a man among Christians," I exclaimed, "not as I have often felt in my wanderings on shore, like Mungo Park or Burton, a traveller among savages, who are watching for an opportunity to rob me. I catch a glimpse again of the golden age when money was money. The blessed old prices of my youth, which have long since been driven from the continent by

"paper credit, last and best supply,  
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly,"

have taken refuge here before leaving this wicked world forever. The *cordon sanitaire* of the Atlantic has kept off the pestilence of inflation."

One bright afternoon we took horse and "shay" for Siasconset on the south side of the island. A drive of seven miles over a country as flat and as naked of trees as a Western prairie, the sandy soil covered with a low, thick growth of bayberry, whortleberry, a false cranberry called the meal-plum, and other plants bearing a strong family likeness, with here and there a bit of greensward—a legacy, probably, of the flocks of sheep the natives foolishly turned off the island—brought us to the spot. We passed occasional water-holes, that reminded us also of the West, and a few cattle. Two or three lonely farm houses loomed up in the distance like ships at sea. We halted our rattle-trap on a bluff covered with thick green turf. On the edge of this bluff, forty feet above the beach, is Siasconset, looking southward over the ocean—no land between it and Porto Rico. It is only a fishing village; but if there were many like it, the conventional shepherd, with his ribbons, his crooks, and his pipes, would have to give way to the fisherman. Seventy-five coasey, one-story cottages, so small and snug that a well-grown man might touch the gables without rising on tip-toe, are drawn up in three rows parallel to the sea, with narrow lanes of turf between them—all of a weather-beaten gray tinged with purple, with pale blue blinds, vines over the porch, flowers in the windows, and about each one a little green yard, enclosed by white palings. Inside are odd little rooms, fitted with lockers, like the cabin of a vessel. Cottages, yards, palings, lanes, all are in proportion and harmony. Nothing common or antique was visible—no heaps of fish-heads, served up on clam shells, and garnished with bean-pods, potato-skins, and corn-husks; no pigs in sight, nor in the air—not even a cow to imperil the neatness of the place. There was the brisk, vigorous smell of the seashore, flavored, perhaps, with a suspicion of oil, that seemed to be in keeping with the locality.

We sat for a long time gazing with silent astonishment upon this delightful little toy village, that looked almost as if it had been made at Nuremberg, and could be picked up and put away when not wanted to play with. It was a bright, still afternoon. The purple light of sunset gave an additional charm of color to the scene. Suddenly the *lumen juvenat* *purpureum*, the purple light of youth, broke upon it. Handsome, well-dressed girls, with a few polygynic young men in the usual island proportion of the sexes, came out of the cottages, and stood in the lanes talking and laughing, or walked to the edge of the bluff to see the sun go down. We rubbed our eyes. Was this real, or were we looking into some showman's box? It seemed like the Petit Trianon adapted to an island in the Atlantic, with Louis XV. and his marquises playing at fishing instead of farming.

A venerable codfisher had been standing off and on our vehicle for some time, with the signal for speaking set in his inquisitive countenance. I hailed

him as Mr. Coffin; for Cooper has made long Tom the legitimate father of all Nantucketers. He hove to, and gave us information about his home. There was a picnic, or some sort of summer festival, going on; and the gay lady birds we saw were either from Nantucket, or relatives from the main. There had once been another row of cottages outside of those now standing; but the Atlantic came ashore one day in a storm, and swallowed them up. Nevertheless, real property had risen of late. "Why," said he, "do you see that little gray cottage yonder? It rents this summer for ten dollars a month; and there are some young men here from the mainland who pay one dollar a week for their rooms without board."

Thompson said his sensations were similar to those of Captain Cook or Herman Melville when they first landed to skim the cream of the fairy islands of the Pacific.

I was deeply moved, and gave tongue at once. "It is sad to think that these unsophisticated, uninfatuated people must undergo the change civilization brings with it. The time will come when the evil spirit that presides over watering-places will descend upon this dear little village, and say to the inhabitants that henceforth they must catch men. Neatness, cheapness, good-feeling, will vanish; a five-story hotel will be put up—the process cannot be called building; and the sharks that infest the coast will come ashore in shabby coats and trousers, to prey upon summer pleasure-seekers."

"In the mean time," said Thompson, "why should not we come here to live? We can wear old clothes, and smoke cigars of the *Hippalektryon* brand. Dr. Johnson must have had a poetic provision of Nantucket when he wrote his *impecunious* lines:

"Has heaven reserved, in pity for the poor,  
No pathless waste or undiscovered shore,  
No secret island in the boundless main?"

This is the island. What an opening for young men of immoderately small means! The climate healthy and cool; no mosquitoes; a choice among seven beauties, perhaps the reversion of the remaining six if Isaiah can be relied upon. In our regions, a thing of beauty is an expense for life; but with a house for three hundred dollars, and bluefish at a cent and a half a pound, there is no need any more to think of high prices and the expense of bringing up a family. If the origin of evil was, that Providence did not create money enough, here it is in some sort Paradise."

"That's Heine," said I; "but Heine forgot to add, that one of the Devil's most dangerous tricks is to pretend to supply this sinful want by his cunning device of inconvertible paper money, which lures men to destruction and something worse."

Our holiday was nearly over. We packed up our new sensations, and steamed away to piles of goods and columns of figures. Towns and steeples vanished in the haze, like the domes and minarets of the enchanted isle of Borondor. Was not this as near to an enchanted island as one could hope to find within twenty-five miles of New England? Nantucket is the gem of the ocean without the Irish, which I think is an improvement.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

(From London "Fun.")

## "WHAT AILS MY LOVE."

ANSWERED BY HIMSELF.

On verdant bank my MARY sat,  
'Mid buttercup and daisy—  
And I reclined, without my hat,  
And felt enthralled, but lazy.

Bright foliage waved our heads above,  
And many a songster twittered;  
The streamlet, like our "course of love,"  
Ran smoothly on, and glittered.

Simple, yet 'en sublime our fare,  
Ham-sandwiches I'd bought her;  
Cape-sherry, too, my love had there,  
(She likes it, mixed with water).

Deeply we quaffed our fill of joy;  
Deeply our wine, in glasses;  
The ham was good—Can aught annoy  
When time so blithely passes?

Stern Fate! as thus in calmest bliss  
My love and I sat eating,  
She passed;—what sudden blight was this?  
My heart 'gan wildly beating.

Breathless I ask, "Why, why that tear—  
That cheek so brightly flushing—  
That classic brow, so white and clear,  
Deep as the sunset blushing.

"That voice so silvery, soft, and low,  
Now tremulous and broken:  
Say, whence this dread o'erwhelming woe,  
Too fearful to be spoken?

"Oh, tell me—tell me quick—the cause!"  
Not long sweet MARY hid it:  
With deep-drawn sigh she said, "Oh LAWS!  
IT WAS THE MUSTARD DID IT."

A writer in the French *MONITEUR* (Monsieur Le-cante) in a column headed "PETIT COURRIER ANGLAIS," writes about the people in London, thus:

Men six feet high are not uncommon, and many of the men we meet have athletic forms, limbs of rare vigor, faces redolent of health; and you will find this superabundance of strength in the case of those who have devoted their lives to the sedentary occupations, as well as in the sailor and the laborer. But it must be added, that we rarely meet with the elegance of our young Parisians. The physiognomies speak more in favor of the English; they almost all reveal that benevolence and kindness which, in truth, form the foundation of the English character. The women I shall I speak of them? The old prejudices have long veiled our eyes to the qualities of Englishmen; but the veil has fallen before the women, and "Jolie comme une Anglaise" has become one of the phrases of our gallantry.



(From the Californian.)

## EPIGRAM.

BY AN ANTIQUARIAN.

"Pray tell me, Tom, for you I hear  
Are learned without doubt,  
How that from Noah's menagerie  
He left one species out?"

"He did not, sir," says learned Tom,  
"As I read bible lore;  
But gathered two of every kind,  
And then had room for more."

"You read not right; he took no prey  
To please his favorite cat;  
She mewed for forty days before  
Discovering ANY RAT."

## THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.\*

The traditional reputation of the Milesian tales is so questionable that, if the title had been revived by an unknown author, it would have been necessary to state that the "LOST TALES" are as unobjectionably moral as "THE CANTONS," or "WHAT WILL BE DO WITH IT?" Sir E. B. Lytton's Greeks, Scythians, and Gauls observe with the strictest care the rules of modern propriety, and Sisyphus himself indulges only in that comic cunning which furnishes lawful amusement to virtuous minds. A more positive merit of the poems consists in the skill with which the stories are told. According to English versions of Aristotle, the three elements of poetry are the fable, the manners, and the diction. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses all his contemporaries in the management of the fable; but unluckily the manners, including the characters, are colorless and conventional, and such as can never have been witnessed in any place or time, or even definitely imagined. The old Milesian Tales may probably have been as deficient in individual portraiture, but they must necessarily have been faithful representations of the customs of Asiatic Greece. The "ARABIAN NIGHTS," which are the only perfect tales known to the world, record the adventures of princes, of merchants, and of travellers who have no distinct personal qualities; but the stories themselves are the best possible illustrations of Oriental life. The jealous husbands, the intriguing wives, and the dissolute monks of Boccaccio were evidently drawn from Italian experience, though the dupe or deceiver of one story exactly resembles the reproduction of the same type in another. It was impossible that the mind of a modern English writer should have been imbued with Ionian associations, and as imaginary heroes must say something, it was perhaps necessary that they should be supposed to moralize and generalise after the fashion of Ernest Maltravers or Dr. Roccabocca. Yet the incredulous reader pauses with a momentary surprise when a Gaulish chieftain of the third century before the Christian era, having found occasion to kill a woman, declares that he has slain a theological or moral abstraction. As the lady had urged the Gaul to murder her husband, the conscientious barbarian was fully justified in putting her to death. He had been, however, not indifferent to her attractions, and it was for a high moral object, as well as from regard to hospitality, that he had executed an act of justice.

Thou hast no cause to grieve; but I—but I,  
O Greek, I loved her: I have slain Temptation.

The resolution of a woman into an allegorical entity, and the converse process of personifying a Christian idea by the aid of a capital letter, would perhaps have puzzled the simple minds of Boccaccio and his followers.

In diction or poetical expression Sir E. B. Lytton has, notwithstanding his meritorious efforts, never risen above mediocrity. There may perhaps be a dozen living persons in England, and as many in the rest of Christendom, who have severally written one or more lines of real poetry. Sir E. B. Lytton surpasses some of them in brilliancy of endowment, but he is not included in their number. His verses are often graceful, scholarly, and thoughtful, but they have not the indescribable ring of genuine poetry. His metrical experiments indicate rather imperfect appreciation of the common measures than the freedom of movement which accompanies mastery in the art. In default of a rare command of verbal music, it is prudent at least to satisfy the ear by the calculated recurrence of rhyme. It is possible for a copyist to imitate, to a certain extent the complicated periods and studied cadences of poets who have written normal blank verse; but unrhymed lines of irregular and arbitrary length have scarcely ever been successfully constructed. Southey failed in the attempt in "THALABA," and Shelley in "QUEEN MAE." The choruses of "SAMSON AGONISTES" are intolerably harsh; and Milton's translations of a few psalms and odes of Horace are less agreeable than prose. Perhaps the only felicitous example of unrhymed stanzas has been furnished by Mr. Barnes who is one of the most original of metrical composers, as he is the first of English pastoral poets. A careless reader might almost neglect, in the following passage, to observe either the absence of terminal rhymes or the unexpected assonance in the middle of the fourth line:—

The brown thatched roof o' the dwellin'  
I then was a-brewin'  
First shelter'd the sleek head o' Melroy,  
My bride at Week Hill.  
But now o' little years, her light footfall  
's a-lust from the floor;  
Too soon for my joy an' my children  
She died at Week Hill.

As a skilful swimmer can support himself in the water without motion, and in almost any possible attitude, a poet who has thoroughly cultivated an in-born faculty of language has the power of making innumerable kinds of verses which seem to sing themselves. But Sir E. B. Lytton's versification is not superfluously buoyant even when it is provided with all the accessory support of familiar metre and of rhymes. His artificial blank stanzas sink at once to the level of rhetorical prose, although it is out, as in monumental inscriptions, into definite lengths. The obligation to obey a self-imposed rule has, nevertheless, an inconvenient tendency to twist and invert expressions which might in the natural order be sufficiently intelligible:—

For lo! the kneeler lifted over all  
The front of him their best had fled before.

It is fair to state that, with the aid of the context, an attentive student may interpret the passage; but every sentence in verse or in prose ought to include within itself its own interpretation. It may also be objected that the tallest hero could scarcely overlook an entire assembly as long as he remained on his knees. Even Germans, who have the peculiarity of writing in verse more plainly than in prose, could scarcely have jumbled nominatives, accusatives, and verbs more oddly together than in another stanza of the same poem:—

Perilous boundary-rights by Media claimed  
O'er that great stream which, leaving Scythian plains,  
Europe from Asia guards,  
The Persian Prince, in wedding Scythia's daughter  
Might well resign, in pledge of lasting peace.

During the progress of four lines, which by parenthesis and inversion exact the closest attention, the anxious reader wonders what the perilous boundaries are going to do, or what is going to be done to them. The Persian Prince, on his first appearance in the sentence, bears no visible relation to the rights which, at the beginning of the next stanza he is hypothetically to resign. It is not worth while to incur so much trouble for the purpose of eventually putting the horse before the cart. Some of the greatest poets, including Dante and Shakespeare, are, through complexity and compression of thought, frequently enigmatical; but obscurity in the phrase which envelops a simple thought implies a want of art or of attitude. In some instances, the meaning, although it may be guessed, is not contained in the words. The King of Scythia had a daughter, and he thought that no king on earth was too good to be her husband; or, as the poet says,

For whom no earthly throne,  
Soared from the level of his fond ambition.

The language would have been at least equally appropriate if the father had wished his daughter to marry a private person. In that case the level of his modest ambition would not have been disturbed by the elevation of any coveted throne. It is not easy to apprehend the image of a flying throne which soars above any level. No writer understands better than Sir Edward Lytton how to make himself universally understood. As a novelist, and as an orator he is laudably perspicuous; but he shares the not uncommon belief that verse may be manufactured by turning prose inside out. It would be harsh to grudge him an amusing occupation; but the candid critic doubts whether it might not have been better to leave the "TALES OF MILETUS" unpublished, or to relate them in prose.

Some of the stories are interesting in themselves and valuable as early forms of romantic fiction. The legend of the Secret Way, taken from the compilation of Athenaeus, is told with Sir Edward Lytton's accustomed skill, although the sentiments and language of the actors are oddly enthusiastic. Omartes, King of Scythia, having, against the wish of his nomad subjects, built for himself a capital city, observed that his daughter was, as in a modern romance, pining for some unknown reason. The high priest Telgutias, comparing—perhaps for the first, if not the last, time—a maiden to a honeysuckle, advised the king to find a tree or a husband to support his woodbine. A marriage with the Persian prince or king Zariades was recommended by the hope of settling a dispute about the "perilous boundary rights" by Media claimed, and, accordingly, a mission was sent to propose the alliance. The cause of the princess' melancholy was a dream in which she had seen an ideal lover; and, by a curious coincidence, Zariades had also dreamed of a beautiful lady. The Persian, accordingly, with the peculiar notions of fidelity which are found in the fictitious literature of all ages, rejected the Scythian overture in discourteous words, which were of course followed by war. In the decisive battle, the Scythian horsemen

Broke wings by native Media outstretched for flight.

Where the critic may incidentally remark that the Roman *ala* and the wing of a modern army have not been so named because they were stretched out for flight. Zariades, with the Persians in the centre, retrieved the battle, and afterwards, besieging the capital, drove the Scythian garrison to despair. The priest Telgutias in formed the King of a secret way leading underground into the open country, but Omartes considered it unbecoming to escape. His daughter was desired to choose one of the assembled chiefs, with whom, as her husband, she might fly to the desert; and while she was hesitating, Zariades, to whom the passage had been betrayed, appeared at the door. Sir Edward Butler "writes not for that simple maid, to whom in terms it must be said" that the dream-betrothed lovers recognize each other, that the troublesome boundary question is settled to general satisfaction, and that the Scythian and Persian kings, with their respective subjects, live happy ever after. The tale is pretty, and Sir E. B. Lytton tells it well, but Zariades must have been in advance of his age when he told the envoys of Omartes that

Great rivers are the highways of the world.

The tale of Sisyphus is more original, as it is constructed from fragmentary hints of various writers; and it is also acceptable because it recalls to Sir Edward Lytton's older and laxer admirers the pleasant and easy morality of "PAUL CLAYTON," which from early habit they prefer to the austere virtue of "MY NOVEL" and "THE CANTONS." As long as Sisyphus contented himself with robbing his fellow-creatures, Zeus took the part of the thief against his innumerable accusers for a reason worthy of George de Barnwell:

Thought the All-wise, "So many against one  
Are ill-advised to call on Zeus for help.  
Brute force is many—Mind is always one;  
And Zeus should side with Mind."

Having, however, detected his client in an attempt to bribe the oracle, Zeus sent Death to fetch him. Sisyphus invited Death to sit in a mechanical chair which caught and held him fast, and then persuaded him that he would be more comfortable in repose than roaming over the world to general annoyance:

Night after night a cheerful sight it was  
To see these two at feast, each facing each,  
Chatting till dawn under amass'd stars,  
Beon comrades, Man and Death.

Men, in the meantime, released from fear of dying, followed their own inclinations, and as the temples were no longer frequented, nor the gods worshipped, Pluto was sent to release Death, and Sisyphus was carried off to the shore of the Styx:—

Death straightway gave to Hermes at the door  
His charge, and passed away upon the storm;  
On sea rose yells, soon drowned beneath the waves,  
On land rose shrieks, soon stilled.  
And the next morning all the altars smoked,  
And all the fanes were carpeted with knees;  
Death had returned to earth; again to heaven  
The gods returned for men.

There is an inaccuracy in the antithesis between the literal or objective return of Death to Earth, and the subjective return of the gods to Heaven, in the belief or regard of men; but the effects of the interruption of natural laws, and of the return of the regular order of things, are described with much spirit, and not without a certain humor. Sisyphus, who was still more amusing than his biographer, after provoking the crowd of unburied ghosts to laughter, contrived to return to life. His stolen goods prospered, and according to Sir Edward Lytton's allegorical doctrine, good came out of evil, and private vices proved public benefits:—

For all things prospered well with Sisyphus:  
Out of the profits of his stolen beaves  
He built him ships, and traded to far seas,  
And every wind brought gold;  
And with the gold he hired himself armed men,  
And by their aid ruled far and wide as king;  
Filled justice halls with judges incorrupt,  
Temples with priests austere.

Corinth rose from a hamlet into a city, commerce and agriculture flourished:—

Thus each man's interest led to all men's law;  
And born of iron rule  
Order arose to harmonize brute force;  
And glimmered on the world the dawn of Greece;  
For if the gods permit the bad to thrive,  
'Tis for the ends of good.

As tyrants sow the harvest freemen reap;  
But Sisyphus built temples and decked shrines,  
Not for religious homage to the gods,  
But as the fount of thrones.

There was no altar in his secret soul;  
If he prized law, law legalised power;  
And conquest, commerce, tax, and tribute were  
The beaves he stole as king.

There are, perhaps, one or two slight flaws in the poet's political philosophy. It might be argued that Sisyphus, though a bad man inasmuch as he lifted cattle, was by no means a bad king. If tyrants sow harvests for freemen to reap, freemen are much indebted to them. Commerce is, according to sound economic theories, in no respect analogous to theft. It is pleasant to find that Sisyphus, after all, enjoyed his later and proverbial occupation. He informed Orpheus, in language which might have been mistaken for a platitude of the nineteenth century, that in his punishment he had duped his judges, because

They gave me work for torture; work is joy.

A sentiment which may be commended to the notice of unfortunate persons who are sentenced to penal servitude. Orpheus suggested that the stone would perhaps never reach the summit of the hill; but Sisyphus seems to have become in the other world as fertile in commonplace as he had been in crafty devices on earth:

"Fool," said the ghost,  
"Then mine, at worst, is everlasting hope."  
Again arose the stone.

Although Sir Edward Lytton's title to the character of a poet may be disputed, it is impossible not to admire the versatility and the elastic cheerfulness of his fancy. Indefatigable in the conception of literary enterprises, he is never careless in execution. His "TALES OF MILETUS" are as good as it was possible to make them in conformity with the condition of an almost impracticable class of metres. It appears from the preface that Sir Edward Lytton is tainted with the heresy of believing in accentuated hexameters and pentameters. In one of the Tales his practice approaches to his theory, although the stanza is still formed of lines of unequal length. Metrical students may take as an instructive exercise the problem of scanning a line in the poem of "Corinna":—

"Born blind are mortals," he said, after pausing long.

Some will perhaps incline to the belief that the line is a bad Alexandrine, while suspicious minds may inquire whether they have not been unjustifiably puzzled by a sentence of ordinary prose. Only on the assumption that the most far-fetched solution is always the true answer to a riddle, could it be supposed that the words are intended to form a dactylic tetrameter:—

"Born blind are mortals," he said, after pausing long.

The total disregard to accent, as well as to quantity, is consistent with Sir Edward Lytton's opinion that

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